NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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AN EDITORIAL

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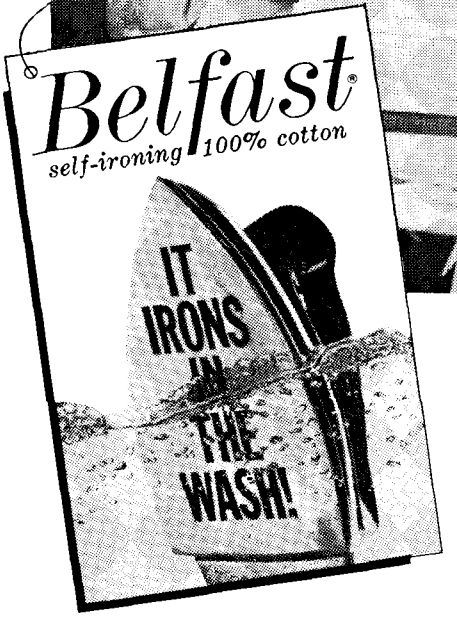

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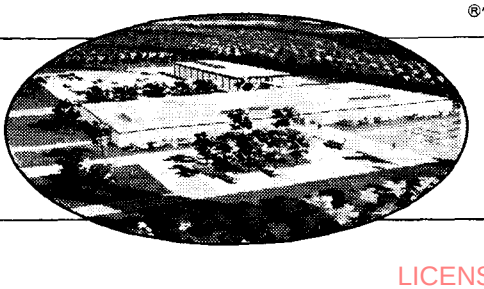

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Dauntless Harold Stassen is doing it again: taking a poll which will (we predict) show that Richard Nixon cannot win Presidential election in November. . . . Stop-Nixon movements jolted by Senator Homer Capehart's announcement he's backing the Vice President, (Capehart was adamant Rockefeller man) . . . Lyndon Johnson intimates encouraged by West Virginia picture. They feel West Virginia will halt Kennedy bandwagon. . . . Big labor leaders (Meany, McDonald, some others) urging their followers not to back Humphrey too openly. Don't want labor support to appear ineffectual in expected Humphrey eclipse.

Up for action in Hawaii State Legislature, bills to grant tax-exempt status to "any or all property owned by any bona fide labor union or non-profit corporation." Chief beneficiary if enacted: Harry Bridges' Communist-leaning ILWU. . . . If a resolution for "nationalization" of Panama Canal is brought to the UN it will reportedly be couched in exact words of U.S. resolution on Suez Canal during that crisis. . . . Senator Olin Johnston (S.C.) suggests Monroe Doctrine be redefined to include subversive infiltration as well as open aggression. . . . Senate Banking Committee has approved House-passed bill to extend authority of Commerce Secretary to bar exports of strategic goods to Communist bloc nations.

Depression-ridden Iraq has signed pact with Soviet Union to permit Soviet oil explorations in southern region. . . . British labor union leaders doing their best to crack down on Communist-inspired wildcat strikes. . . . Stories that a Swedish Nazi party will start operations this week, widely publicized in Swedish labor press, believed to have been planted by Communists, to stir up anti-German feeling. . . . Archbishop Rohracher of Salzburg suggests that while the UN is being asked to deplore injustices all over the world (South Africa, Algeria, Korea, etc.), someone bring up the persecution of Christian churches behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains. . . . Communist China boasts that 400 million Chinese peasants are fed in communal dining halls.

Tongue-in-Cheek Dept.: Bill submitted to Congress by New York publisher to authorize government to buy and store all overprintings and unsold copies of books from all publishers, at public expense.

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The WEEK

● Communist guerrillas in Laos last week were devastated to learn that the man they had just shot down was a Frenchman. A regrettable error, they told their subsequent captors. "We thought he was an American." Fair game in any country, any season.

● Pandit Nehru is a man of determined insensitivity and saintly patience. Barely four hours after the departure of a smiling Chinese Premier Chou En-lai from New Delhi, a tired Nehru found some of that insensitivity worn off, and told Parliament that his adversary—come to discuss the border dispute—was a "hard rock." Their talks had settled nothing. The Red Chinese method of negotiation is to seize 51,000 square miles of Indian territory, and then offer to give back 36,000 in northeastern India, and keep 15,000 in Ladakh. This did not strike Nehru as much of a bargain, and he allowed as how he didn't think he'd go to Peiping to discuss it. Nehru's patience, however, abided: when an impetuous MP asked about the possibilities of "force" in convincing the Chinese to get out of India, Nehru said that "talks or steps" were preferable. Chou, meanwhile, emplaned for Nepal, where he is showing a goodnatured interest in Mt. Everest.

● FLORIDA CONSERVATIVES PLEASE NOTE: Running for Congress in the Republican primary in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida—Richard Milne, a newspaperman, 16 years a political reporter, courageous conservative, and anti-Communist.

● If we seem surprised at the harsh rhetoric of Mr. Eaton, our delegation chief at the Geneva disarmament conference last week, it's only because we thought that kind of thing had gone out of style since last summer. Mr. Eaton scathingly denounced "obsessive" Soviet secrecy. Soviet delegates, Mr. Eaton said, came to the conference table clad in the "aggressor's cloak" of secrecy and suspicion. In Russia, even telephone books are top secret. "Is the Soviet Union," he asked, "despite its boasts of strength and superiority, afraid to accept inspection on equal terms with the West?" Stammered Mr. Zorin for the Russians, "A silly point, not worth answering."

● Premier Nobusuke Kishi's Japanese government deserves the gratitude of the West for its doggedness in the face of bitter Leftist harassment. The U.S.-Japan security treaty is still before the Diet; party coalitions coagulate and disintegrate overnight over proposals for parliamentary procedure on how to get the treaty ratified; Communists and Socialists threaten "physical obstruction" in their efforts to prevent an interim report of the treaty deliberations from being introduced to the Diet; and 6,000 Leftist university students riot against the treaty in front of the Parliamentary building. In the midst of all this clamor, Kishi's government stands its ground—and even fires back at the Soviet Union's slanders against the treaty, labelling Soviet assertions "malicious propaganda." Under the State Department's current interventionist policy, may we expect a public denunciation of Premier Kishi for the firm police measures used in dispersing the demonstrators?

● Well, Edward Bennett Williams did it, though not quite all. Perhaps Judge Frederick Bryan will finish it all off by dismissing, after hearing arguments on May 12, the remaining count in the government's sweetheart indictment against Adam Clayton Powell Jr., on which last week the jury was hung (10-2 for acquittal). There is much to say about the trial of Adam Clayton Powell Jr., and we intend to say it; all in time, all in time. Meanwhile, we await the decision of Judge Bryan.

● From that archdiocese of audacity down Havana way, fresh indignities: the Cuban government continues to keep locked in its prisons thirteen American citizens—all held without bail and without trial. Meanwhile, Juan Marinello, head of the Cuban Communist Party (the only legal party in Cuba today), hailed Fidel Castro as "the beloved and respected supreme leader of the revolution . . . [Castro] is the chief of the revolution. That makes him our chief, too." And who is *Castro's* chief?

● For many nights the midnight oil burned in the Kremlin, but now the job was done. The Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, having culled and pared, rewritten and polished, had come up with brand new slogans to feed the marching comrades of the world for use on May Day, 1960. Most were sent out through clandestine channels, but pride of authorship was such that the Central Committee did permit a few, some of the more razzmatazz, to leak to the press. Like this heroic injunction to the embattled people of West Berlin: "Fight for peace and resolutely denounce the inciters of imperialist wars!" And this one, directed at the Arab nations (obviously the chef d'oeuvre): "Fight against the intrigues of imperialists for the total liquidation of colonialism, for the reinforcement of independence and sovereignty!" It was not thought necessary to distribute this particular slogan to the Iron Curtain countries. An economy drive, no doubt.

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It Tolls for Rhee

The betrayal of Syngman Rhee by the State Department is justified on only one assumption: that any prolongation of Mr. Rhee's power would have irrevocably damaged the United States. There can be no other justification for a) our gross and public interference in the internal affairs of South Korea; b) the unleashing of diplomatic thunderbolts, one after another, calculated to sustain the fury of the South Korean mobs; and c) the breath-catching disloyalty to a man whose simple courage and fidelity saved his country from hell, a symbol throughout Asia of the liberator, the only statesman who ever led his country in a successful repulsion of an armed invasion by the Communists.

Now Mr. Rhee is old, many of his associates are corrupt, his regime is repressive. But can we be so sure, we who effected the removal of Syngman Rhee, that we can appoint his successor? The burden is on the State Department to justify the awesome, awful liquidation of a man personally beloved to his people; a friend, of unshakable constancy, to the United States; enemy, of unquenchable spirit, to our enemy.

Is Religion an Issue?

We see no reason to regret the fact that the West Virginia primary campaign is confirming Wisconsin's exposure of the emptiness of Liberalism's clichés about how human beings behave. In spite of thirty-two years of post-Al Smith exorcism by rationalist and egalitarian ideologues, religion was an undoubted factor in the Wisconsin outcome, and will be next week for West Virginia—and quite properly so.

Granted that the hillbilly "Pope in the White House" stuff, or Paul Blanshard's egghead version of the same sort of anti-Catholic obsession, is an unhealthy impulse to let loose on the body politic. Nevertheless, it is surely meet that the voters should take into account a candidate's church affiliation and religious belief—or, indeed, his lack of belief—as *one* relevant consideration in judging his qualifications for political office. As a voter, I can be for a Catholic, though myself a Protestant or Jew or unbeliever—or vice versa; but I am making a superficial judgment of a man if I do not note whether he is in fact Catholic, Protestant, Jew or unbeliever. If it is demagogy to demand from a Presidential candidate his position on birth control, which is no concern of the federal government (as Mr. Eisenhower correctly explained), it may become relevant to know how a candidate's church stands on school buses, divorce, pacifism, capital punishment or plain honesty. A Jehovah's Witness, Doukhobor, Jain or Tolstoyan may be acceptable as a citizen, but it would be ridiculous to forget his religious faith if one of them ran for office that decides issues of property, civil obedience and war.

In our judgment there is no sufficient reason within the loose and secular American political system why a Catholic should be, merely *because* he is a Catholic, ruled out of any political office. Their religion has not blackballed an increasing number of Catholics from filling, and exercising to their multi-faithed constituents' apparent satisfaction, local, state and congressional offices. We are against Senator Kennedy for President, but not because he is a Catholic; and we are against Hubert Humphrey, though not for his Protestantism. But at the same time, in forming our judgment, we do not overlook their religious ties.

The evidence suggests that the Wisconsin voters may have gone, and the voters of West Virginia pretty clearly are going, rather further than seems to us healthy, both in support of the co-religionist and in opposing the heretic. Still, there remain many Americans who take religion more seriously than do the editors of our journals of mass opinion, and this is not altogether to the bad. The result of the West Virginia primary, and its repercussions within the national Democratic Party, will reveal more exactly just what role religion still plays in our political process.

The Faulty Vision of General de Gaulle

Mr. Walter Lippmann last week put his finger on de Gaulle's weakness, only he called it de Gaulle's strength. ". . . it can [now] be said that on the German question Gen. de Gaulle is now the leader and the chief spokesman of the Western alliance. It was high time for a change . . . Perhaps the greatest difference between Gen. de Gaulle's way of thinking and the conventional thinking of the day is that he sees and treats the Soviet Union as primarily a European great power, and only incidentally as the headquarters of world Communism. For him Russia existed long before Lenin and will exist long after Khrushchev." Indeed, but will Russia exist as the capital of a worldwide slave-state?

That is a vulgar observation. ". . . when [de Gaulle] speaks of the Soviet Union, he does it with cool and impeccable courtesy. He does not stoop to the vulgar epithets which the ghost writers feel they must sprinkle through almost every official [U.S.] utterance." Epithets like "slave-state," or "center of the world revolution," or other phrases descriptive of the Soviet state, which some of our spokesmen

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have copied from vulgarians like Albert Camus and Arthur Koestler—epithets abjured by sophisticated and refined men, like Walter Lippmann.

And Charles de Gaulle?

For two years, NATIONAL REVIEW has reiterated that the central deficiency in de Gaulle's world view is his failure to understand the quintessence of Sovietism. We have even set down the painful rumor that his eyesight has become so poor as to isolate him, in practical effect, from the writings of Frenchmen whose political vision of the Communist movement is more acute; and now, particularly with Bidault, Pinay and Soustelle fired, M. de Gaulle is surrounded (except for the anomalous presence of the apolitical genius Malraux) by servants (civil) pure and simple. Meanwhile, the General dreams of the old national and imperial relationships which he knew as a young man—which, as a historian intimately familiar with his nation's long and glorious history, he is constantly recreating in his rhetoric; and in his mind's eye, it is not Khrushchev whom he faces, but Alexander I, as he models his preparations for a Summit meeting styled by Talleyrand.

And so when the General spoke in Washington, his words were pleasing to Walter Lippmann, whose consistent misreckonings on the subject of the Soviet Union have contributed much to the strategic impoverishment of our leaders. The same day de Gaulle was reassuring Lippmann, Khrushchev spoke at Baku, in Soviet Azerbaijan, not before a resplendent assembly of the legislators and judges of the greatest power on earth, as de Gaulle was doing, but before an improvised aggregation of oil workers. But Khrushchev knows that wherever he is, he speaks from the head of the table, and the next morning's papers gave prominence to his renewed statement of Communist intransigence. Across the page was the report by M. de Gaulle: we must have a *détente* and disarmament. As to Berlin, its status should be modified only after we reach a true *modus vivendi* with Russia (at the Congress of Vienna?), and any unilateral move by Russia "would be unfortunate and untimely."

The General's analysis rests on his belief that Khrushchev is the agent of Russia and will pursue exclusively Russia's national interests. Neither he nor Mr. Lippmann comprehends that the leaders of Russia proceed toward the goal of world revolution for which Russia serves as an accidental geographical base. Their eyes are on the revolution, and official Russian diplomacy is used to mask the strategy of the revolution. For obvious reasons what benefits Russia tends to benefit the revolution: hence the confusion. But it is first and foremost the revolution they have in mind. Who will doubt that the befuddlement of Charles de Gaulle is worth more to Soviet Russia than an extra warm-water port?

Mr. Nixon's Semantics

As it was headlined, Vice President Nixon's speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington about hewing to the line of "progressive conservatism" while standing four-square in the "middle of the road," made one wonder how W. S. Gilbert would rewrite himself for the modern age. It used to be that

> . . . . *every boy and every gal,*
> *That's born into the world alive,*
> *Is either a little Liberal,*
> *Or else a little Conservative.*

But now

> . . . . *Every gal and every lad,*
> *Has trouble keeping genes recessive,*
> *There's nothing good and nothing bad,*
> *We're all conservative progressive.*

The Vice President's attempt to explain himself in terms of the empty categories of the moment diverted the headline writers' attention from certain statements about the forthcoming Summit conference that had a fair degree of firmness. Said Nixon: "We can and will make clear that the moral difference between our system and the Soviet system . . . cannot be narrowed . . . by the dialogue of peaceful competition. . . . we will not trade away our belief in that fundamental right of peoples freely to choose their own form of government." (Specific meaning: West Berlin will not be cast adrift.) Furthermore, ". . . the United States must never place itself in the position, militarily, economically, or otherwise, that those who would destroy our freedom and the freedom of others are looking down our throats." (Specific meaning: It's the Soviets' move in this matter of inspection.)

The Vice President was forthright about the "grim drabness and uniformity that anyone who visits the Soviet Union can see characterizes Russian life." We suggest that he become quite as unequivocal about the growing drabness and uniformity of our own political scene, where if you're not a progressive conservative you're bound to be a conservative progressive.

Next Step in West Virginia

By making a simple extrapolation from the way things are going in the West Virginia primary, we think we can come up with an accurate preview of the great Humphrey-Kennedy debate that is to be televised nationally before the voters of the Snake Eye State finally slide down the mountains to the polls:

HUMPHREY: "My illustrious opponent, who has a perfect right to be a Roman Catholic, has promised that if he is President you won't go to bed hungry. I,

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who forebear to take any credit for having been born a Protestant, criticize him, not for his religion, but for his niggardliness. Eisenhower is already giving you molligrub—I promise you free moonshine. . . ."

KENNEDY: "My opponent is being totally unfair. He stands there pretending he is one man. But look closely at the monster and you will see that he actually has four heads. (Here Kennedy flashes from his pocket a picture of a hydra with the heads of Lyndon Johnson, Stuart Symington, Senator Robert Byrd and Hubert Humphrey himself.) I say to you West Virginians that it is illegal to vote for four men at once."

HUMPHREY: "My opponent—and I think Jack is a fine fellow—has spent millions to inform you that he is the underdog in this state. I tell you that any man who spends money that way is a dog, which, in addition to being a Roman Catholic, he has a perfect right to be. Speaking of rights, I promise that any citizen of this fair state who can demonstrate that he is fourteenth kissing cousin to a Hatfield, a McCoy or a Devil Judd Tolliver shall, on my access to the Presidency, get free pistols and free ammunition on application at the county seat. I promise free retirement suites at the Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs to every member of the United Mine Workers who is automated out of the mines. What the hell, if there aren't enough Greenbriers to go around, we'll build 'em. And I promise . . ."

KENNEDY: "I don't think I have to tell you folks that I like Hubert. But he's a cheapskate. My researchers tell me that you people in this great State of West Virginia live in a land that would be as big as Texas if it were rolled out flat. Well, at this point I wish to confide in you my plan for solving the unemployment problem and for increasing the growth rate of the gross national product of the United States by as much as fifty per cent per year for the next fifty years. When I enter the White House I will propose a public works project to actually flatten West Virginia. Think of the bulldozer sales! Think of the land we can make by carrying off your mountain tops and dumping them in the Gulf of Mexico. Think, just think . . ."

HUMPHREY (*acting as if has been stabbed in the back*): "My opponent, who has a perfect right to be a Roman Catholic, can't do that to me. Religion doesn't belong in any campaign, but it's unfair that Jack Kennedy got it straight from Rome that if West Virginia could be flattened there would be more standing room for Catholics. That's conspiracy, that's . . . er, er, that's outright ultramontanism. . . ."

KENNEDY (*looking mystified*): "What's that?"

Enter a bevy of girl cheerleaders from the University of West Virginia, waving megaphones and shouting to both candidates: "We want MORE!"

The Closing Days of the Morris Campaign

Granted, New Jerseyites were due to hear from Drew Pearson, as who is not, any time a conservative anti-Communist is running for office. Pearson began his column by stating that Robert Morris had received mail in 1957 after the suicide of Herbert Norman (whose Communist background Morris' committee had exposed), addressed, simply and appropriately, "Killer Morris, U.S. Senate." Mr. Pearson ended his column, 800 words later, with a lachrymose word-picture of the idealistic, friendless and impoverished Senator Case, fighting his lonely fight against the Vested Interests: *"Senator Case has one headquarters, a single basement room at 50 Commerce St. in Newark next to the men's room* [where, it has been suggested, the column in question was written]. *If he wins, it will be because the voters of New Jersey are not fooled by a lot of money."*

The *Newark News* (Morris' election would be a "catastrophe"), the *Herald Tribune* (he would "wreck" the party), radio station WOR in New York, the *New York Times,* the *Philadelphia Bulletin* bored in. CBS Television lined Morris up at a supermarket where he was electioneering. The cameras turning, a woman walked up to him and asked, "Mr. Morris, why do you think Senator Case was soft on Communism?" Morris, startled, said, "Why do you ask that particular question?" "He told me to," she explained innocently, pointing to the CBS crew chief—who was the son of a strong Case supporter; but the dark word went out: Morris was following McCarthyite Tactics. The genteel Senator Case, the former head of the Fund for the Republic, the impoverished law partner of Simpson, Thatcher, and Bartlett, who does not believe in dirty campaigning, satisfied himself with calling Morris an "incubus" that "must be got rid of." (Nothing controversial about that, is there? Don't *you* believe incubuses should be got rid of? The trouble with some people, as the Fund for the Republic has said again and again and again, is that they are so busy looking for witches, they never notice the incubuses.)

And then *Time* magazine, with its calm, competent distortions. *"Among the ten Republican Senators up for reelection this year, none have supported President Eisenhower's policies with more consistent fervor than New Jersey's spare (5 ft. 11½ in., 160 lbs.), studious Clifford Case, 56."* (Eisenhower's single important difference with the Democrats over the past four years has been on the continuing subject of inflation. Case has stood, almost consistently, with the spenders.)

"To oppose Case, Old Guardists have put up a

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hard-campaigning right-winger: Robert Morris, 45, longtime lieutenant of the late Joe McCarthy, sometime (on & off between 1951 and 1958) counsel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee." (1. Morris was never a lieutenant of Senator McCarthy. He served during the Tydings Investigation of McCarthy's charges as minority counsel, was brought in by Senator Hickenlooper, and took orders while there from Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. 2. On & off between 1951 and 1958, Robert Morris was indeed counsel for the Internal Security Subcommittee, with which Senator McCarthy was unconnected, and where Morris put together the exhaustive case against the Institute of Pacific Relations, a model investigation, once applauded by *Time* magazine [which never did half so much as Robert Morris and the Internal Security Subcommittee to fix the responsibility for the loss of Mr. Luce's beloved China]; an investigation that ranks among the great historical and political accomplishments in the history of legislative investigation.)

"*Bankrolled by New Jersey's platoon of wealthy, powerful ultraconservatives (among his top supporters: Johnson & Johnson Board Chairman Robert W. Johnson, Publicist James Selvage), Morris has blanketed the state with billboards and buttons . . . Incumbent Case's modest campaign is run out of a rent-free Newark basement by nonpaid workers.*" (1. The overwhelming majority of New Jersey's wealthy businessmen did *not* back Morris. 2. Robert Johnson did back Morris. Six years ago he backed Case. 3. James Selvage refused to help Morris. 4. The billboard bill was $1,250. 5. Senator Case had all the money he wanted, from outside as well as inside New Jersey. 6. Incumbent Case's nonpaid workers included John Hay Whitney and Henry Luce.)

And now that Senator Case has won his smashing victory, all of them—Alsop, CBS, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Newark News*, the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, *Time*, Drew Pearson—all are agreed: you can't fool the people of New Jersey. Not while you have a vigilant press, no *sir!*

Goldwater's Credo

For thirty years there have been two things that have been just as certain as death and taxes. One is that a politico taking an unabashed conservative (or old-fashioned liberal) position will be dismissed as "troglodytic" or "Neanderthal." The second is that no book that is published by a "vanity" house has a chance of getting the attention of the press, much less of selling more than two or three hundred copies.

So Barry Goldwater, the Republican Senator from Arizona, has put his head in the lion's mouth by 1) taking an unabashed conservative position, and 2) by stating it in a book—*The Conscience of a Conservative*—brought out by a vanity house called the Victor Publishing Co. (1 Fourth Ave., Shepherdsville, Kentucky). Strangely enough, the lion has not seen fit to shut its jaws together. Instead of being denominated as "paleolithic" or getting the silent treatment from the press, Senator Goldwater's epigrammatic credo has had many a favorable comment. Says a newsweekly not known for its tenderness toward any Republican two degrees to the right of New York's Javits: "Goldwater . . . thoroughly belies the U.S. liberal's caricature-belief that an Old Guardist is a deep-dyed isolationist endowed with nothing but penny-pinching inhumanity and slavish devotion to Big Business. He . . . outlines a creed of social and economic philosophy that both Edmund Burke and Thomas Jefferson could ratify."

The book is even selling—and it may ultimately sell in carload lots. Perhaps that is because, in the words of George Morgenstern who reviewed the book for the *Chicago Tribune*, "there is more harsh fact and hard sense in this slight book than will emerge from all of the chatter of this year's session of Congress, this year's campaign for the Presidency and all other offices, and this year's total output of meditation by editorial interpreters of these collective vapidities."

The Campaign to Rewrite History—Operation IPR

"The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it."

But Omar Khayyam lived long before the epoch of Andrei Vishinsky, Richard Rovere and Judge David Edelstein. He would soon learn, if he could visit our time of technological miracles, that we have developed bleaches so much more effective than old-fashioned Piety, Wit or Tears that they can wash out and cancel not just Words and half-Lines, but whole chapters in human events.

The current problem can be put as a practical syllogism: 1) During the years 1947-57, much evidence was assembled proving Soviet and Communist espionage, infiltration, indoctrination and influence within agencies of the United States Government and important institutions of U.S. society; 2) this record is inconvenient to the Communists as well as many other persons prominent and powerful among us, and a brake on the policies of coexistence and appeasement which they favor; 3) therefore this record must be erased, obliterated.

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Mr. Rovere took on the assignment of rewriting the history of Senator McCarthy. To Judge Edelstein, sitting on the bench of a Federal District Court, fell what would have seemed to a lesser liquidator a formidable mission: the fourteen packed volumes (more than 5,000 pages) of the most thorough study ever made of a major and triumphant Communist psycho-political infiltration campaign: the transcript and report, namely, of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee's inquiry into the Institute of Pacific Relations, and the methods by which American counteraction to the Communist conquest of mainland China was effectively blocked.

The IPR inquiry studied 20,000 documents, 2,000 of which were introduced into the printed record. It took public testimony from 66 witnesses, all of whom were given the right to have counsel present and to submit any statements or exhibits they chose. Twenty-eight were employees, trustees or financial supporters of IPR. The others included the head of CIA, the wartime Chief of Naval Operations, principal Far Eastern commanders, a former Vice President, and State Department officials active in Far Eastern affairs.

On the basis of the record, the 13 members, from both parties, of the full Judiciary Committee—all of whom were lawyers, many with judicial experience—concluded, among other findings, that: *"The Institute of Pacific Relations has not maintained the character of an objective, scholarly, and research organization. . . . The effective leadership of the IPR used IPR prestige to promote the interests of the Soviet Union in the United States. . . . The IPR was a vehicle used by the Communists to orientate American Far Eastern policies toward Communist objectives. . . . During the period 1945-49, persons associated with the Institute of Pacific Relations were instrumental in keeping United States policy on a course favorable to Communist objectives in China. . . . Many of the persons active in and around the IPR, and in particular though not exclusively Owen Lattimore, Edward C. Carter, Frederick V. Field, T. A. Bisson, Lawrence K. Rossinger, and Maxwell Stewart, knowingly and deliberately used the language of books and articles which they wrote or edited in an attempt to influence the American public by means of pro-Communist or pro-Soviet content of such writings. The net effect of IPR activities on United States public opinion has been such as to serve international Communist interests and to affect adversely the interests of the United States."*

After study of this record, the Treasury Department, as was its duty, revoked the tax exemption that had been granted to IPR on its sworn contention that it was a non-political, scholarly organization. After paying a 1955 tax under protest, the IPR brought suit for recovery and to regain tax-exempt status. It was this case that Judge Edelstein decided on March 31, after his fashion.

The government, to explain its lifting of the IPR tax exemption, introduced the record of the Senate inquiry. Judge Edelstein ruled the entire record out of order: that is, in effect, out of legal and historical existence. The sole testimony he heard was from seven officials and admirers of the IPR, called by the IPR. With that testimony alone before him, Judge Edelstein was able to find that IPR was indeed a scholarly outfit, entitled to exemption, and deserv-

"I got my job through the *New York Times*."

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ing of a refund of the protested tax payment.

Judge Edelstein gave as alleged ground for his ruling the inability of the IPR to cross-examine the Senate witnesses, since they were not present in person. He failed to explain when an *ex parte* administrative ruling on tax exemption, for which the burden of proof has always heretofore been placed on the petitioner, became subject to the rules of a criminal trial; or why the IPR would in any case have a right to cross-examine its own witnesses, as half of those who testified before the Senate Subcommittee in fact were; or how witnesses could be brought from Mexico, Communist China, Russia and England, whither a number of the IPR's key Communists and Communist sympathizers scattered—among them Frederick V. Field, leader of the Communist cell in the IPR and long its chief administrative officer.

Our concern, however, is not with the legal niceties of the tax exemption problem. It may be that IPR has by now sufficiently purged itself of its Communist infection to deserve a present tax-exempt status—though its continuing efforts to hide the reality of the infection is a presumption against the thoroughness of the purge.

Mr. Don Oberdorfer, a syndicated journalist, has begun, through a dispatch, to popularize Judge Edelstein's rather limited and technical ruling as a "vindication" of the IPR ("IPR FINALLY VINDICATED, BUT IT TOOK NINE YEARS," said the headline). Mr. Oberdorfer's initiative will doubtless soon be followed by articles on many publishing fronts.

With the primary achievement of the Internal Security Subcommittee thus about to be erased from history, the rewriters turn with whetted appetite toward their still unfinished business with the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The just concluded convention of the American Civil Liberties Union, supporting a resolution by Representative James Roosevelt, announced a new drive to abolish the Committee. With its abolition, the record of the Alger Hiss inquiry, keystone of the nation's anti-subversive arch, again despite Omar's verse, could be in passing washed out and canceled.

. . . Maybe, at that, it isn't past history that we are discussing. On April 26 of this year, Mr. William C. Sullivan, chief of the FBI's research section on domestic intelligence, stated to the Military-Industrial Conference in Chicago:

"[Communist agents are infiltrating the United States more than ever] and we have noticed an almost desperate re-emphasis by the Communist bloc on illegal espionage activities during the past few years. . . . The ruthless Communist search for information has, by now, reached an intensity which makes it probably the most massive offensive of its kind ever directed against one country by another."

Notes and Asides

We take the greatest pride in announcing that NATIONAL REVIEW will definitely survive still another year, thanks to the success of our fund-raising drive. We say this on the confident assumption a) that the pledges that have been signed will be redeemed upon maturity; and b) that those who intend to make out pledges, but have not yet got around to it, will do so in the weeks to come. We will make further, more specific announcements, in the weeks to come, and will discuss plans in connection with NATIONAL REVIEW'S Fifth Anniversary, the week after the Presidential elections.

In This Issue . . .

. . . BRENT BOZELL analyzes the major news of domestic significance to conservatives during the past few weeks: the defeat of Robert Morris in New Jersey. Those with weak stomachs should not read this column . . . In the editorial section, we discuss the quality of the campaign waged against Morris during the final days . . . JOHN CHAMBERLAIN draws a profile of Senator Humphrey, whose future hopes for the Presidency rest on a victory over Kennedy in West Virginia next week . . . RUSSELL KIRK mourns the "Great Band Room Shortage" in the schools.

This is our book issue, the product of the editorial imagination of FRANK S. MEYER, who is hard at work completing a book. We are proud to feature a review by EUGENE LYONS of the latest book by Mr. Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times,* who is just as sure that the Soviet system is mellowing as Louis Fischer was in 1935. Eugene Lyons, author of *The Red Decade,* lived through it all before, and gives Mr. Salisbury—and the West—the benefit of his advice . . . GERHART NIEMEYER, a devout Anglican, left Germany in the early 1930's in protest against the Jewish persecutions. He knew even then the writings of Manès Sperber and Gustav Regler, whose most recent books he now reviews. Professor Niemeyer is again teaching political science at Notre Dame after a year as lecturer at The National War College . . . ANDREW LYTLE is a distinguished professor of history, a novelist (*The Velvet Horn,* etc.) and a critic, who teaches at the University of Florida . . . MEDFORD EVANS, a recent victim of conformist pressures at Northwestern College in Louisiana, where he taught English (Dr. Evans holds a Yale Ph.D), is free-lancing in Louisiana. He is the father of M. Stanton Evans, known to our readers . . . SIR SHANE LESLIE, mellow English critic, raconteur, socialite, talks about his old friends, the men who ran England a generation ago. Happy reading.

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National Trends

The Meaning of New Jersey

L. BRENT BOZELL

A Chicago newspaper said it editorially, and it has been repeated by a number of individuals whose political judgment is normally sound: that the reason Robert Morris lost is that he was too Liberal! The voters, the argument runs, were once again denied a choice between Liberalism and true conservatism. To those familiar with the New Jersey contest this argument seems perverse, and it ought to be laid to rest. True, Morris had deviated on several matters of conservative dogma, *e.g.,* the wisdom of the Khrushchev visit. But he did not thereby alienate New Jersey conservatives. It is safe to say that among New Jersey Republicans the true conservative does not breathe who did not drag himself out to vote for Robert Morris on primary day.

The reason Morris lost is that there were not *enough* conservative voters. Not nearly enough. This verdict, however, is not as uncomplicated as it sounds—certainly not as uncomplicated as commentators on the Left, and some on the Right, have been making it sound. Moreover, it does not necessarily imply—and there is a candidate for the Presidency who may be sadly disappointed next November for thinking it does—that Republican candidates are better off for being Liberals.

Morris' defeat proves that there are too few GOP conservatives in New Jersey to defeat a Liberal candidate who is a) the incumbent, b) vigorously supported by the metropolitan press and c) supported by a Republican Administration, including the party's prospective nominee for the Presidency. Put somewhat differently: if Senator Morris, a conservative having the support of his own party's national Administration and the metropolitan press, had been challenged in a primary by the Liberal Clifford Case, he probably would have won hands down. Now this statement of the case is not calculated to cheer up conservatives, for it so happens that most incumbent legislators, the press and the Administration, are *not* conservative, but Liberal; the analysis may, however, provide some clues as to how a very dark situation can be improved.

It is a common mistake of political commentators to treat a primary election as though it were a general election in miniature. Actually, there are major qualitative differences. Though the generalization should not be pushed too far, primary voters tend to be people the party organization is capable of influencing and controlling. The amount of organization-control will differ from place to place, but the primary vote, to a far greater extent than in a general election, reflects *the will of the organization.*

Morris' hope of victory lay in obtaining the support, or at least the benevolent neutrality, of a substantial number of organization leaders. Those who were predicting the race would be close—which meant, a week before election, just about everyone—thought he had done so. Morris thought so too. Many county leaders, however, apparently switched horses at the last minute. And there is strong evidence that this factor, even more than the last minute press assault, doomed Morris. For example, in Bergen and Monmouth Counties, where he did *not* have the organization working for him, Morris ran substantially better than his supporters had predicted despite the press smear; while in many central and southern counties where Morris had been pledged organizational support or neutrality he did much worse than expected. One county—which the county leader had recently turned over to a primary candidate in a close election by a 10 to 1 majority, and which the leader had promised to deliver to Morris this time by 4 to 1—actually voted 5 to 1 for Case.

Why the switch? Morris has attributed his defeat to "massive intervention" from outside the state. He meant (though he did not say) intervention by the Administration. That the Administration *did* intervene seems beyond question. There was Secretary Mitchell's ceremonious disclosure of his absentee ballot for Case. There were the stories, seemingly authentic, of phone calls by Attorney General Rogers, with the kind of message that can emanate, uniquely, from his department. There were the publicly revealed contributions to Case's campaign by Secretary Herter and others in the Administration's inner circle. How much pressure the Administration applied will never be known, but there can be little doubt that it was considerable, and it may even have been marginal. Nor can there be any doubt about who was responsible for the intervention. Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Rogers are, in political matters, agents of Richard Nixon. Moreover, the only person in the Administration with both the interest and the power to effect a major organizational switch was the Vice President.

Is Mr. Nixon entitled to be pleased with Case's victory, as inspired stories from his office reported, and to plant his feet firmly and publicly (this week was the first time I recall him using the phrase) "in the middle of the road"? Morris himself gave one answer: It is paradoxical "for the tailors [of the result] to find a mandate for themselves in their own handiwork." Another is that the answer depends on whether a Liberal GOP ticket in New Jersey will gain as many "independent" votes as it will lose those of the pro-Morris ideologues.

Finally: is there anything conservatives can do about future congressional races? There are a number, but the one in closest reach is to make sure that future conservative GOP candidates for Congress do not have to run *against* a Republican President. It is not only a matter of a President (or de facto Presidential nominee) being able to turn the party organization against a conservative; there is also the sheer incongruity of campaigning for national office on a platform that is critical of a national policy formulated by the leadership of one's own party. For future Robert Morrises the moral of the New Jersey primary is plain: Don't run until there is a conservative Republican in the White House—or (almost as good for these purposes) a conservative.

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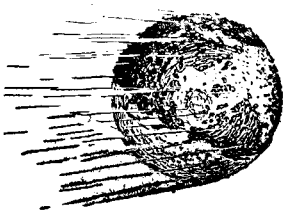

A Pre-Summit Day Dream

JAMES BURNHAM

Two weeks from now the Summit conference is scheduled to convene in Paris. What if, tomorrow, there should appear in the world press the following letter, addressed to Nikita Khrushchev, with copies to Harold Macmillan and Charles de Gaulle, and signed by Dwight Eisenhower? What if . . .?

Your Excellency (*for such is the language of diplomacy*):

On May 16 we are to begin joint deliberations in Paris, together with the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the President of the French Republic, with the avowed purpose of seeking measures to reduce the tensions that produce a grave world crisis, and confront mankind with a catastrophic threat of war. It is my understanding that you will present to the conference certain proposals for a revision of the agreements now regulating the government of the city of Berlin, certain plans, pursuant to your 1959 address to the General Assembly of the United Nations, concerning disarmament, and certain observations on the future of Germany.

Since we shall be meeting as the highest representatives of those four powers upon which fall chief responsibility for the world polity, you are naturally at liberty to discuss at the forthcoming conference any subject-matter that you deem relevant to its announced objectives. I wish by this present communication to notify you that I shall utilize that same liberty and right in order to bring to the attention of the conference certain proposals of my government with respect to situations which it judges to be disruptive of world peace and order, among them the following:

1) *Eastern Europe.* I shall review the history of the relation of your government to the nations of Eastern Europe. I shall prove that your agents have seized power within those nations by illegal methods, in violation of treaties and of international law and morality, and counter to the will of the inhabitants. I shall show why your subjugation of these nations and peoples provokes instability, conflict and war. I shall propose orderly steps whereby the peoples of the East European nations may regain their independence and freedom, and choose for themselves their form of government and course of policy.

2) *Hungary.* The present de facto rulers of Hungary, supported and instructed by your government, have refused to honor the resolution of the United Nations dealing with the events of 1956 and their sequel, or to admit the official UN representatives. I shall call on our conference to condemn this defiance of world opinion, and pending a more general East European solution, to institute appropriate sanctions to bring an end to the Hungarian regime's continuing acts of tyranny and oppression against the Hungarian people.

3) *Tibet.* The so-called People's Republic of China is carrying out a systematic campaign of genocide against the Tibetan people, aiming at their destruction as a race and nation. In its strategic implications, this campaign threatens the security of India and Southeast Asia. Since these acts endanger world peace, I shall propose united measures by all the powers to compel Communist China to cease and desist.

4) *Cuba.* I shall present evidence to prove that agencies and agents of your government are engaged in a massive campaign to transform Cuba into a strategic outpost directed against the United States. I shall inform the conference that my government is prepared to take, and in due course will take, if necessary, unilateral action to put an end to this campaign.

5) *Freedom of Religious Belief.* I shall place before the conference documentation of your government's violation of elementary religious rights and its persecution of the clergy and believers of Christian, Jewish and Islamic faiths.

6) *Diplomatic Immunity.* I shall present evidence from Montevideo, Bombay, Mexico, Tokyo, Baghdad, New Delhi and Addis Ababa as well as Washington to demonstrate how your government has abused the traditional privileges of diplomatic immunity, and has turned its embassies and consulates into centers of espionage, propaganda, subversion and terror. In this way, institutions designed to further peaceful and profitable intercourse among nations have been made instruments of conflict and warfare. I shall offer a series of measures that can put an end to these abuses.

Conditions for Recognition

7) *Litvinov Agreement.* In the 1933 negotiations that led to my government's recognition of your government, your government pledged itself against interference in the internal life of my country. I shall place before the conference the record of continuous interference, and a summary of the injurious activities of tens of thousands of your professional agents and their dupes. Since my government's recognition of your government, and its continuing relations therewith, was made dependent on fulfillment of that pledge, I shall announce to the conference that unless the violations are brought finally to an end, my government will break off all relations with your government.

8) *World Revolutionary Conspiracy.* More generally, I shall analyze the conspiratorial enterprise for world revolution that you and your associates conduct on all fronts in every nation. It is this enterprise that is the primary factor provoking tensions and social chaos, and leading toward a war that may destroy civilization. As the key measure for reducing world tensions and improving the chance for peace, I shall present a program for liquidating the Communist world revolutionary enterprise, and for setting up an apparatus of inspection and control capable of forestalling the formation of any comparable agency. . .

I have at hand the body of memoranda, supporting documents and resolutions pertaining to the above topics. As our discussions proceed, these will be made freely and fully available to the world press, so that men everywhere can participate in our discussions. . .

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Humphrey: Dust-Bowl Economist

This poor man's candidate, standard-bearer of Northwest Populism turned Gimme, has an easy solution for all problems: Let Washington pay!

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota has a secret weapon: his opposition seldom takes him seriously until it is too late.

At the risk of being invidious, let us begin with his looks. His brow is broad, one might say Roman, his chin is strong, but there is something about the curve from nose to chin that is soft, a concave interval between the convexities that suggests an almost baby-food blandness. It is not until the Senator swings into real oral combat that the whole face becomes assertive. The blandness conceals something stronger—and, to conservatives and old-fashioned Liberals, something decidedly dangerous.

Many people have been surprised by Humphrey. The pollsters in Wisconsin were surprised when he whittled Jack Kennedy's lead to proportions that could be claimed by Humphreyites as at least a moral victory for their man. Then there was Nikita S. Khrushchev, who obviously tried to use the touring ADA Senator when he invited him to the Kremlin for a little chat that lasted for eight-and-one-half hours. Looking at it one way, Khrushchev was well recompensed for the time he spent with the country boy from the American Middle West: at least the message that Humphrey brought home to Eisenhower, that Khrushchev would like a bid to visit the United States, was acted upon. It was not until some time after the famous interview that Khrushchev realized he had been a trifle too gabby with Humphrey, whose own gabbiness can be decidedly disarming.

In the course of his frankness, Khrushchev had made some slighting remarks about the super-Marxism of Mao Tse-tung's agrarian program—and the response from Peiping was jolting. As the world's Number One Marxist hastened to square himself with Mao by protesting his doctrinal purity, the suspicion dawned that Humphrey, the phony hick, had used Khrushchev as a peg upon which to hang a reputation for being a first-class reporter in America's interests.

In the U.S. Senate Humphrey is a continual surprise. His bills are defeated, but they pop up again. His amendments, turned down in a first formulation, come back in other guises.

When Humphrey, then merely the mayor of Minneapolis, forced a strong civil rights plank on the Democratic convention at Philadelphia in 1948 and provoked the Dixiecrat split,

nobody denied that it was good politics for a young man who hoped to beat incumbent Joe Ball for the Senate in the coming campaign. Civil rights is good medicine in the melting pot of Minnesota's Twin Cities.

But there were many prophets who predicted that no Democrat could father such a plank and ever be a contender for his party's Presidential nomination. Well, Hubert Humphrey has certainly lived to be a contender, even in pockets of West Virginia where the spiritual ties to Tidewater Virginia still persist. Furthermore, a southerner, Lyndon Johnson of Texas, has been converted to the view that nobody who refuses to support civil rights can expect to be a Presidential nominee.

Since Humphrey has a habit of getting his way, conservatives should not take him lightly when he advocates out-New Dealing the New Deal in economic legislation. Humphrey is for practically any and every inflationary measure that one can think of, from federal aid to local communities for sewage disposal to the Forand bill. He would spend, period. Where most supporters of New Deal farm policy regard the agricultural surplus as an unfortunate concomitant of the attempt to keep the farmer happy, Humphrey regards it as a positive good. As a starter he would like to give it all away, to India, to southern Italy, and to poor folk in American cities by way of food-stamp plans. This would be one way of getting the surplus off our backs, but Humphrey wouldn't stop there. He wants the "abundance" to continue—and his "cure" for American agriculture is to legislate a calculated over-production.

At the University of Minnesota—he graduated *magna cum laude*—Humphrey studied political science with good Fabians. He has been a teaching fellow at Louisiana State University, where he wrote a master's thesis on "The Philosophy of the New Deal." Whatever his knowledge of political principles, he certainly knows politics as a practical matter. His recipe is to "get around, meet a lot of people, and get them involved." He also claims to know economics, not only from the textbook standpoint but by virtue of having lived through the thirties in a dust-bowl region.

Experience as Teacher

By all the tests of his own early experience, Humphrey should be a stalwart advocate of Emersonian self-reliance. His father, a prairie Bryanite (later a Wilsonian) known as Dad Humphrey, was the town druggist in Doland, South Dakota (pop. 500). With its single block and its grain elevators, Doland is one of those communities that represent a few

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seconds' pause to an automobile driver bent on getting west over the flat, dry landscape at seventy miles an hour, but it yielded a living to the Humphrey family in the twenties, when farmers were not particularly well-to-do. Aided by his sons Ralph and Hubert, who grew up mixing milkshakes and dispensing cascara and sodium bicarbonate, Dad Humphrey was a local pioneer in the business of making the drug store both a universal emporium and a social center. To install the radios marketed by Humphrey's Drug Store, young Hubert—or Pinky, as he was known to his schoolmates—became a good "roof man," climbing with abandon to string the wires. Later, in Minneapolis, he helped pay for his first flyers in municipal politics by acting as manager and janitor of an apartment building. He could mend anything, an unusual attribute for Minnesota's great modern wordsmith.

Now, if Hubert Humhprey had the opportunity to learn anything about "practical economics" from personal experience, it was the lesson of self-help. Nobody told Dad Humphrey he had to situate his drug business in South Dakota towns like Wallace and Doland and Huron, where the pickings even in good years were bound to be lean. But Dad Humphrey got along, even managing to spare Hubert for two years of study at the University of Minnesota and for a pharmacology course in Colorado before the depression interrupted the boy's educational dreams.

When a long, concentrated dry spell hit the Dakotas in the thirties, the farmers around Doland and Huron had a right to presume that the malevolence of nature was sometimes beyond the coping of individuals. Even so, young Hubert drew the wrong economic deductions from an admittedly disruptive experience. Reviewing his early years, he says, "I learned more about economics from one South Dakota dust storm than I did in all my years in college." Nobody would deny that a dust storm can affect farm yields and is therefore an economic fact. But it is even more a fact of ecology—and the "economics" of the ecological is a warning: it is poor business judgment to expect Illinois or Wisconsin growing weather forever in a region where dry cycles have always returned. To argue that aid is necessary in a natural catastrophic upheaval is one thing—but to assume that one has a right to permanent underwriting in an uneconomic operation is another.

What Hubert Humphrey "learned" from his dust storm, then, was simply a confusion of the categories which a decent college course in logic might have taught him to avoid. Logic should tell anyone that "economics" and "catastrophe," though they may coincide when nature howls, are not always the same subject. But as the supposedly mature Humphrey preaches his Liberalism up and down the nation today, everything is a "catastrophe" requiring government aid. Life itself is a catastrophe, and everybody should get crutches for free.

The young Hubert Humphrey, hungering for learning, read his father's books on Woodrow Wilson in off moments at the store and scrabbled for his university fees by tending a drug counter evenings in Minneapolis. Because of the depression he postponed his last two years of college until after his marriage to Muriel Buck of Huron, a canny girl who was willing to work while her husband swatted for his Phi Bete key. So what? So it becomes catastrophic—like a dust storm—when young people in the 1950s have to find their own ways to education in a society that is far more affluent than the one in which Hubert Humphrey managed to get what he wanted from books. Humphrey would apply "massive doses" of education not through local initiative but by giving it away from Washington, D.C.

One of Humphrey's pet bills is legislation for a Water Pollution Control Act that would give matching funds to communities for the construction of sewage disposal plants. To oppose Humphrey on this is, in his estimation, equivalent to voting *for* pollution. It does not occur to our dust-storm economist that if the federal suction apparatus were not busy drawing the lifeblood of communities into Washington there would be no need for the central bureaucracy to provide sewage treatment machinery for Hometown, U.S.A. Ditto for all the things that Humphrey would like to funnel through the pumping station of the federal government.

A World without Challenge

With Humphrey, it's "human rights" versus "states rights." But the humanity—or the "idealism"—of trying to solve everything by the simple expediency of giving-from-the-top (the most expensive way of giving, by the way) ignores the whole question of individual motivation. Humphrey forced his way up in the world because he had challenge and was forced to respond. The world he looks to see created by his own type of Liberalism would be a world without challenge—and, by the same token, a world without response.

This is the dead-end of the Midwest Populism that animated his father, Dad Humphrey, and that sent Floyd Olson, Hubert's fiery predecessor in Minnesotan Liberalism, to the barricades to make Farmer-Laborism the dominant power in the near Northwest. It is a far cry from the Populism of the Fighting Bob La Follette-George Norris era, when all that a Wisconsin or a Nebraska or a Dakota farmer asked for was the right to ship his goods to market at rates that contained no discrimination, and the right to buy manufactured goods from the urban east at a reasonable price. The old La Follettean Populist wanted a world without favoritism. He did not ask for a regime of favoritism-turned-inside-out.

Young Bob La Follette, conscientious son of Fighting Bob, killed himself when he saw that Populism had turned Gimme. But Hubert Humphrey, less philosophical, is willing to take the dead-end dregs of a movement as the real thing.

In analyzing Humphrey's speeches, one is struck by their quality of incantation. "Today," he says, "the world does not need massive retaliation, but massive doses of health, and food, and education." How true, one muses. But it is the truth that consists of posing a problem, not solving it. How to create a peace in the "massive" world of Khrushchev, and how to spread health, and food, and education without creating a gigantic inflationary machine that will

(Continued on p. 297)

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The Whereases of Surrender

It took Harrison Salisbury six rigorous months of travel in the USSR to confirm what he had known all along. Peaceful coexistence is good.

EUGENE LYONS

"The Bolshevik dictatorship is slowly, almost imperceptibly, abdicating. When the change to democracy is completed, the world will wonder how it happened."

The quotation has a contemporary ring. It might have come out of a recent article by an Isaac Deutscher or Alexander Wirth. But actually it appeared in the September 1935 issue of *Current History,* more than 24 years ago, in an article by Louis Fischer. A few months later Stalin's macabre purges got going and the Fischer fantasy, shared by most other experts, was washed out in blood.

History, of course, will not necessarily repeat itself. New Looks are among the Kremlin's oldest devices, but ultimately one of them will stick and conceivably it is the one now on display. Yet remembrance of the febrile optimism induced by Stalin's own New Look—and of the policy counsel urged upon the West on that basis—should at least put brakes on runaway hope and extravagant counsel based on Khrushchev's New Look.

Though Harrison E. Salisbury of the *New York Times* goes for historical analogy, as we shall note below, he is not too impressed by this one. In his new book, *To Moscow—and Beyond* (Harper, $4.50), he does mention "the inevitable countervailing tendency toward rigidity at home and harshness abroad," and concedes that old-style Stalinism may return. Yet the current New Look, what he boldly calls "Khrushchev liberalism," seems to him a sufficient foundation for a 180-degree turn in Western policy, looking to an eventual American alliance with Communist Russia—against Communist China.

He takes "with the greatest seriousness," Khrushchev's "proposals for a *détente,* for a standstill in the arms race, for negotiated settlement of cold-war quarrels. . . . Whatever the United States may be doing, Nikita Khrushchev was preparing his people for that golden era in relations with the Western world for which they had so long yearned."

Therefore he entreats us to utilize "the opportunities of the moment to negotiate a new and more soundly structured world system." And the entreaty is barbed with an implied threat: unless we support Khrushchev without delay we may have to deal with a resuscitated Stalinism.

His Well-Worn Thesis

This thesis is presented as the fruit of the author's recent six months of residence, travel and cogitation in Russia; with the authority, that is to say, of on-the-spot inquiry. *Times* readers, however, may recall that in a political essay disguised as a Washington news dispatch Salisbury made the identical threat several years ago. The thesis was already in his mental baggage when he set out for Russia. That does not in itself invalidate the argument, but it does make his eyewitness testimony rather suspect.

The truth is that this rationale for "playing ball with Khrushchev" has in recent years been common forensic currency among those eager to stake all on the rhetoric of "peaceful coexistence." And that, in fact, is what makes the new Salisbury book potentially mischievous. It provides a manual for piecemeal surrender to Moscow. Salisbury bids fair to become for the 1960s what his long-ago predecessor in the Soviet post, Walter Duranty, was for the 1930s: the authority for self-delusion rooted in half-truth and wishful hoping.

One therefore needs a bit of perspective on the man. Duranty was fairly easy to understand. He was a deep-dyed cynic and proud of it, playing the Kremlin game for the kudos and the kicks. But Salisbury for the most part writes with an accent of sincerity, sometimes even with a catch in the throat. Yet by 1954, when he wound up a stint of nearly six years in Moscow, he was widely regarded as a fellow traveler. *Time* could write that "his reports often read more like Red propaganda than accounts of what was really going on inside Russia." At regular intervals, for example, he had assured the *Times* customers that the entire population was 100 per cent behind Stalin's domestic and foreign policies.

On leaving Russia, however, Salisbury fell from grace. He wrote a series of articles (later expanded into a book, *An American in Russia*) which, though scarcely to the liking of anti-Communists, was sharply at variance with his six years of reportage. In a review I described the book as a refutation of Salisbury by Salisbury. It was the censorship, he pleaded, that had driven him to those long years of prevarication. An unconvincing alibi, since it did not explain why his reports were so much more sycophantic than those of equally censored colleagues.

In any case, that one outburst marked no enduring change. In the intellectual climate of New York and Washington, Salisbury's tolerant "understanding" of Soviet behavior was quickly revived and soon he was among the loudest in celebrating the wonders of "collective leadership" (while it lasted) and plugging the New Look. But in Moscow, it appeared, his brief rebellion still rankled. For over four years—until the banishment was lifted in the spring of 1959—he was denied a Soviet visa.

How he finally regained grace is told in the present book. Assigned to cover the American tour of Comrade Mikoyan, Salisbury acted more like the guest's press agent than an American reporter. Soviet officials, he attests, considered his coverage "excellent," as well they might—so now,

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"thanks to the kindness of Vice Premier Anastas Mikoyan, I was back on Russian soil again." Rarely has a case of political payola been more proudly chronicled.

Salisbury is an able reporter and writes exceedingly well. His bias and conclusions aside, there is much in the book worth reading. He gives a colorful account of a journey through Soviet-held Outer Mongolia, almost *terra incognita* for Americans. A chapter on the continuing ordeal of the Jews in Russia gives the lie tc Khrushchev's denials of official anti-Semitism. His descriptions of more relaxed human relations as terror and fear recede are persuasive. He conveys the angers and frustrations of creative artists and writers in the straitjackets of "socialist realism."

But the book will have an impact, if at all, precisely for its extreme political conclusions and policy proposals, as summed up in the final chapter. And these, in my opinion, are a *reductio ad absurdum* of all the current Western compulsions to disguised surrender.

Analogy with 1907

Salisbury relies heavily on what he considers a significant historical analogy. In 1907, he points out, "Sir Edward Grey brought to an end three-quarters of a century of conflict between Russia and England." These countries moved "from a state of cold war . . . to a condition of friendship and alliance," ending a "great power struggle." The *rapprochement* was dictated by the rise of a common menace, imperialist Germany. In a sense, he then argues, "the postwar conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union has been a revival and extension of the Anglo-American rivalry." Though the situation is not entirely parallel, the same kind of friendship and alliance can now be achieved, with Red China emerging as the catalyst.

A more fallacious analogy could hardly be drawn. It reflects an utter failure to comprehend the nature of the Communist challenge—of the Leninism to which Khrushchev is in many ways more deeply committed than Stalin was. It is the sort of fallacy, indeed, that has induced us to fatten and strengthen the monster these forty years. The will to believe

that Russia is at bottom "just another country" is the great delusion that has led our statesmen to hand over territories and populations to the Kremlin, along with our goods and skills, on the theory that it could be appeased.

If what we faced were merely an old-style power struggle, involving territorial and economic issues, it could have been resolved long ago. But the adversary in the cold war is not simply Russia—it is world Communism. In addressing himself primarily to "the Russian problem," the author excludes 90 per cent of the aggregate problem. Like all those who yearn to "end the cold war," he cannot or will not understand that the struggle of our time transcends frontiers.

To bolster the analogy, by giving the past an ideological content matching the present, Salisbury reminds us that Czarist autocracy, too, was detested in the West; that the Anglo-Russian alliance was made despite "moral prejudice." But this evades the heart of the matter: the fact that Soviet Russia, unlike the old Russia, plays a dual role, being at once a conventional nation and an international, the spearhead of a vast, dynamic, unappeaseable world movement. Its purely national goals could be met or compromised, as were the Czar's, but its revolutionary commitments will be ended only when one side or the other finally triumphs.

A *rapprochement* ostensibly "ending the cold war" negotiated by some Sir Edward Grey of our time would be deeply fraudulent, because it could not be binding upon the principal party, namely world Communism. The cold war would therefore continue. Worse, under cover of the spurious truce and the resulting euphoria in the non-Soviet world, it would inevitably be intensified.

No settlement is relevant to the cold-war realities as long as the worldwide Communist apparatus of power—its open and covert parties and their vast non-Party auxiliaries, its massive instruments of propaganda, infiltration and subversion, its para-military formations in some places and false-front outfits in all places—remains to plague us. Short of ceasing to be Communist, Moscow even if it so desired (and it emphatically does not), could not honestly repudiate, let alone liquidate, that apparatus.

The irreducible condition for real, not bogus, "peaceful coexistence" is the elimination of the Soviet dictatorship. Because Salisbury considers this neither necessary nor possible, his formula for *rapprochement* is a trap.

The minimal price for his illusory accommodation, payable in advance, would be to grant "recognition to the validity of the Communist regimes in Eastern Europe and, presumably, to those of Asia as well." At the same time, he promises in a remarkable act of faith, that "Moscow would recognize the *status quo* in the West." What would such recognition in theory be worth, while world Communism carries on in practice? We would foreswear "interference" in the Soviet orbit while the Kremlin labors to "liberate" the rest of the world from the chains of freedom. In asking us to renounce forthwith the "queasy sentimentality" of any and all liberation hopes, Salisbury forgets his own analogy. England's *rapprochement* with the Czar's government, after all, did not cancel out Western sympathies and even overt help for Russian revolutionaries, or for Polish and other liberation movements.

Reports Hunger for Freedom

Perhaps the most valuable aspect of the book is its ample confirmation that there are in Russia today deep-reaching social ferments and hungers for freedom.

Salisbury found "a restlessness about Soviet youngsters," widespread "dissent in words and conduct, reckless of the consequences . . . a spirit of independence and even of defiance of authority." Everywhere he saw evidence of "the persistence of liberal

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ideals in art and thought . . . the persistence of idealism in the younger generation, the persistence of dedication to humanitarianism."

But from these heartening premises he proceeds to draw the disheartening conclusion that Russia's, and our own, best if not only hope is—Khrushchev while he lasts! Before 1917, equivalent symptoms of unrest and passionate idealism used to be interpreted as portents of the coming collapse of the Romanoff dynasty, and events upheld the interpretation. But Salisbury, amazingly, sees in them portents of the stability of the Soviet regime—somewhat reformed, to be sure, but still an autocracy.

For nearly a century before the Revolution, Salisbury reminds us, "a fierce and unquenchable thirst for liberation had fired the minds of Russian intellectuals. No tradition in idealistic striving for man's rights was stronger than that written in the hot blood of every generation of young people from 1825—the year of the Decembrists—onward." The 1917 Revolution fulfilled those strivings—"that the Revolution fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks was a historical accident."

He summons the support of George Kennan on this score. Kennan, he writes, "thinks that the whole Bolshevik episode—from 1917 through the death of Stalin—constituted an aberration in Russia's national trend. It was, in his view, like an earthquake which temporarily diverts a river from its course by thrusting a chain of hills in its path. The river is forced into a long, meandering detour that takes it in just the opposite direction of its natural flow. But eventually the stream wears a path through unnatural obstacles and resumes its former course."

But Salisbury apparently believes that the "Bolshevik aberration" will be overcome not by its removal but by its perpetuation! Now that the diverted river begins to push toward its natural direction and "long-familiar goals," he prescribes faith in the "unnatural obstacles" and Western policies to help keep them in place! The river did grow powerful enough to overthrow the obstruction of Czarism—which was also in a process of liberalization and incalculably freer and more humane than Soviet Communism today. But now we are asked to proceed on the assumption that the accidental "chain of hills" is a permanent visitation.

Had someone before 1917 cited the deepening social unease and the tides of idealistic striving as proof that we must appease and strengthen Czarism, he would have been adjudged insane. Yet here is an American citing these very things to prove that we must jettison "hypocritical" hopes of liberation and play ball with Khrushchev.

The current Bolshevik masters were trained in what he calls "the whoredom of Stalin's years." They achieved their power by plainly Stalinist methods, they remain steadfast in their allegiance to the original diverter of the river of progress, Lenin, and in the main even to the departed madam herself. But it is to them, to a self-perpetuating group which turns on and turns off the spigots of "liberalism" and moderation to suit its own power purposes, that he looks for political salvation and world order.

Only a species of self-hypnosis can make one believe, as he listens to Khrushchev in India or Mikoyan in Cuba, that Soviet Russia—if only we hasten to legalize the *status quo*, neutralize Central Europe, then trust the latest Kremlin boss—will cast off its Communist moorings. Only confusion and desperation can explain the vision of a Soviet alliance with the West: an alliance which, if it is to end the cold war as promised, would have to be essentially anti-Communist in character.

HUMPHREY
(Continued from p. 294)

involve the community in ultimate pall and ruin is something that Humphrey's dust-storm "economics" does not fathom. He would "strike a balance between public and private investment and between private and social consumption" by giving "national purposes" a "high priority" through the "budget." All of this without reflection on what "public investment" might do to "private investment," and all of this without a thought for the sheer ugly compulsion involved in putting "national purposes" and "high priorities" over on the minorities, both big and small, that may dissent from them.

It's all so very slick. Grants for old people for medicine, grants to increase social security, grants to cover longer terms of unemployment, grants to spread our food supplies through food stamp plans, grants to the states for school buildings, grants to cities to raze old structures, grants to the farmers to enable them to pile up higher surpluses that will demand more food stamp plans, grants to rehabilitate old freighters and to load them with grains and medicines for India and Ghana, grants to Massachusetts communities to enable them to make a transit from textiles to electronics (which is something that happens quite easily without grants)—just grants, grants, grants. That is Humphrey. He is grant-happy, which is synonymous with being a modern statesman.

The question of grants involves taxes, which Humphrey *thinks* he is not trying to dodge. He speaks of "closing the loopholes" through which "billions of dollars" escape. But the "loopholes" turn out to be the mining and oil depletion allowances and the lousy fifty bucks that one gets as a deduction from taxable dividend income. By taxing the oil companies on resources which are being used up Humphrey might gain a sizable sum. But has he ever stopped to consider why Texas and Oklahoma and certain other western states have been generators of health and welfare and new investment funds in recent years, whereas Detroit and New Bedford, Mass., have been depressed areas? The trouble with Michigan, indeed, goes back to one thing: in its voluminous tax structures there are no loopholes. And, with industry discouraged, the local grants-to-education have run dry.

In the West European countries and in Britain they have seen the type of world which Humphreyism—or "grantism"—creates. It is a gray world in which young men are angry without knowing why they are angry. West Europe and Britain have already reacted to a small extent against their own Fabianism-at-a-dead-end, and they will react even more in the future. But in the U.S., Populism-at-a-dead-end commands both political parties. The time for our regeneration is not yet—and Hubert Humphrey is, by this token, a man to be feared.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Integration Pains

Europe has entered a very curious period of its history. While all free European nations accept the fact that supranational integration is inevitable and necessary (it is already in its preliminary stages), local national life continues just as independently as ever—thereby creating frictions, tensions and a surprising lack of coordination.

Italy's *risorgimento,* a hundred years ago, came about by revolution and conquest. Germany achieved unification by the decision of princes who imposed their new order on their subjects. The Hapsburg empire, in earlier days, resulted from several clever marriages. The present growing-together of Europe, however, derives from very sober reflections by some of our leading men, supported by enlightened opinion. In a way, the European confederacy gestates on the camping grounds of the Mediterranean, where the peoples of Europe babble at each other in some sort of pidgin English, derived from the language of the one power most reluctant to become merged in the Continent.

All these reflections, however, do not change the fact that the free European nations, with several exceptions, are governed by parliaments; in other words, are subject to democratic procedures. Democracy, moreover, rests—to quote Jacob Burckhardt—on the "fermentation of nations," on constant and unforeseen changes. Hence synchronization, readjustment, realignment and coordination must accompany Europe's integration efforts.

Italy: Musical Chairs

The Old World is characterized by a number of ideological trends, personal animosities, religious prejudices, commercial interests, and party entrenchments which, due to elections, cabinet crises, and press campaigns, assume ever-changing configurations. Today there might be a firm understanding between Bonn and Rome, but tomorrow the Roman partner may have changed considerably, owing to a solidified leftist opposition in parliament against a government which lacks both a majority and a firm basis. Italy, these days, is a classic example of this complete lack of genuine continuity. Hence we are faced with a game of musical chairs. Whatever permanence can be found in the Apennine Peninsula stems from the extraneous influence of the Vatican, generating the feeling in Italian leftist circles that since 1948 the Church-State has been revived. On the other hand, it is true that the *Democrazia Cristiana* is one of the Continent's least homogeneous parties, whose only common denominator is a common active faith—nothing else. Party members can be leftists or rightists, capitalists or semi-socialists, republicans or monarchists, nationalists or cosmopolitans. Consequently there are Demochristian wings and groups with affinities to the moderate Socialists and to the Neo-Fascists, the Liberals and the (anti-clerical) Republicans, and even to the Leftist (Nenni) Socialists. What holds them together is a strictly non-political element: loyalty to the Catholic Church. We cannot, therefore, hope for anything but the most temporary settlement of the perennial Italian crisis. Italy needs a de Gaulle.

This element of doubt and uncertainty occurs least in the non-Democratic countries like Spain and Portugal and to a certain extent, in France's Presidential Republic. Very little has changed in the Spanish-Portuguese relationship—at least in the last twenty years. France manifests certain oscillations, but since May 1958 they have been reduced to a minor order. German stability rests on Adenauer (and on very little else), while British public sentiment varies largely. Whereas yesterday there was almost unanimous opposition to the Common Market, today Britain's refusal to join the continental organization is deplored. This new and unexpected, though limited, wave of enthusiasm caught most continental observers unawares and upset their calculations. The Austrians, who voted to join the Outer Seven, were charged with sacrificing themselves to purely British ambitions. Will they now suddenly find themselves out in the cold, with Britain joining the Inner Six? It is possible. Shifting alliances are an old European game, but they are out of place in the slowly emerging European confederacy.

Spain: Economic Change

Spain, once the mainstay of a directed, strictly state-controlled economy, has made a 180-degree turn and the last "fascist" in the Franco cabinet, Arrese, Minister of Public Works, has resigned in protest at the new policy of *dis*continued deficit spending.

Actually, a bitter struggle has taken place behind the scenes in Spain. Franco is no expert in economics, and the fight between the united front of monarchists, *Opus Dei* members, and Free Traders against the state controllers and inflationists (belonging mostly to the Nationalist Syndicalist groups) has ended in victory for the "classic economists." Economic minister Ullastres is a devout Catholic and an admirer of the "neo-liberal" economists (Roepke, Rueff, Ruestow, Mueller-Armack). This radical change also prepares Spain for economic integration into a rapidly merging Europe. Yet, speculation is rife as to the direction it will take: to the British-dominated Outer Seven (which includes Portugal), composed of the customers for most of Spain's export goods, or to the Inner Six which, without a single Socialist member government, is ideologically more congenial to Spain. Unless efforts to bridge the antagonism between the two emerging systems succeed in the forthcoming weeks and months, Spain may have to choose between economic self-interest and ideological kinship. Austria's curious decision (in which the Socialists played a crucial role) has demonstrated that even in present-day Europe economic considerations frequently take second place to political expedients.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Great Band Room Shortage

Although for some months I have labored in vain to find those schools which the educationist lobby alleges to be in need of federal subsidies for more classrooms, at last I have succeeded. There is such a school, in Parchment, Michigan, population 2,500. Parchment High School needs a room for band practice.

It must be confessed, though, that most citizens of Parchment don't desire a band room. They say that the school needs two classrooms, instead, to relieve congestion. Two classrooms would cost thirty thousand dollars; and Parchment High has that sum available, without federal subsidy. But someone insists that the boobs of Parchment, foolishly intent upon book-learning, ought to spend their thirty thousand dollars, instead, upon a band room Who so insists? Why, the North Central Association, that accrediting organization which told Holland Christian High School that homemaking and wood-shop were essential if Christian High school graduates were to go to college. With commendable rigor, the North Central accreditors always put last things first.

Parchment High is a new school, established by the Parchment people as an alternative to having to consolidate their school district with that of Kalamazoo. There is good reason to suspect that the North Central officials would like to punish Parchment for its refusal to consolidate with the city system. If you can't force districts to consolidate, as recommended by Dr. James Conant, at least you can do your damndest to make their reactionary attachment to local control unpleasantly expensive.

How could Parchment's graduates possibly be prepared for college without playing trombone and tuba in a room expressly designed for that purpose? You don't think college is a place for book-learning, do you?

I'm not at all frightened, you quite understand;
But if I am going to fight for my land,
I mean to be ready to play in the band—
Boom tiddledy boom.

I hope, however, that the people of Parchment understand that accreditation by the North Central Association is quite superfluous. Until last year, every college in the State of Michigan, except for the University of Michigan, would admit without examination all graduates of non-accredited high schools, provided they had tolerable high-school grades. Since last year, the University of Michigan has ceased to be an exception: for, disgusted by the folly of the North Central Association and its ally, the Bureau of School Services, the College of Science and Arts at the University decided to admit all qualified high-school graduates, whether or not from high schools accredited by North Central. So rest easy, Parchment parents: your offspring can enroll wherever they like in Michigan, even if you decide to build reactionary classrooms instead of a gorgeous new band room.

Educationist-dominated organizations like the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools seem to be trying deliberately to create a classroom shortage, rather than to diminish it. If you can force schools to spend money on "enrichments" (fringe activities, to you and me), rather than on essentials like classrooms, you can unbalance local school budgets; and then you can go running, cap in one hand, club in the other, to the federal government for subsidies to build classrooms; and you may bully Senator Kennedy and Senator Symington and Senator Johnson and conceivably even Vice President Nixon into making speeches about the classroom shortage. And if once you get a federal subsidy for classrooms, then you can demand another subsidy for teachers' salaries; and then one for teachers' colleges; and so, *ad infinitum*, until education is a monopoly of the federal government. In the process, the federal government loses its federal character and becomes the *central* government. We planned it that way.

Parchment people are willing and able to pay for two classrooms, without any federal help. Perhaps Congress ought to pass an act to relieve the desperate shortage of band rooms. And how about judo rooms? And finger-painting rooms? These enrichments are at least as essential for college preparation as is band.

Yet for every affliction in this vale of tears, some consolation exists. If worst comes to worst, Pagliacci may descry some clown ludicrous as himself. It is some comfort to discover that things are bad all over. So far as frills and fringes go, Canada nowadays seems to be quite as imbecile as the United States.

In Calgary, the University of Alberta is building a sports stadium with 21,000 seats. The campus is only two years old, and not one new building is yet ready for occupancy. There is no university library. It will be several years before the university has a football team. Meanwhile, however, the professional team of Calgary, the Stampeders, can use the university's stadium; and "interfaculty track events" may be held there. But that stadium is going up, you can bet your boots, and the folk of Calgary love it. Like the hierarchs of the North Central Association, they have the good sense to put last things first. Also a gymnasium will be constructed well before work commences on the university's library. You didn't think universities ought to be sanctuaries for bookworms, did you? Why, you must be a Fascist.

Soviet classrooms, by the way, generally are small and inconvenient, many of them converted bedrooms or offices in nineteenth-century buildings. The Soviets, strange to say, are interested in results, not enrichments of the curriculum. Even stranger, though deficient in band rooms and bathrooms, the Russians generally are better at music than we are. I'd buy me a jolly big drum, if I weren't aware that wars no longer are won on parade-grounds.

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The Perennial No

GERHART NIEMEYER

In the Paris Offices of the Communist Party in 1935, the Austrian Manès Sperber helped the German Gustav Regler wage a propaganda battle against Hitler. Both belonged to the army of intellectuals who after the First World War started a crusade against the world in which they were born and reared. This brilliant group of gifted and cultured men and women formed the vanguard of the European Left.

Versed in literature, art, history and psychology, compassionate and dedicated, these embittered rebels had in the twenties and thirties enabled Communism to appear as the world-wide cause of all warm-hearted and right-minded people. Communism was by and large a Russian affair until Koestler and Malraux, Barbusse and Heinrich Mann, Spender and Toller, Picasso and Gide had, through their personal prestige, their pens, their culture, added Western legitimacy to Moscow's power.

A quarter-century later, Regler and Sperber, like many of the others, have turned *volte face,* deeply disillusioned. Still rebels, *déracinés,* homeless but for their own intellectual world, they now crusade against the Kremlin, too. The intellectual Left has become a disengaged political force, sallying against both West and East, and now lends its talents and leadership to the cause of neutralism.

Sperber's *The Achilles Heel* (Doubleday, $3.95) and Regler's *Owl of Minerva* (Farrar, $5.00) belong together, as different and yet consonant testimonies of what the Western mind has done to itself. The first is a series of brilliant essays on topics ranging from the Leftist position in general, to the Rosenbergs ("Stalinized people") and Freud ("great wherever he is destructive"). The second is the intensely moving autobiography of a knight-errant who unstintingly gave everything he had in ceaseless battles, on shifting fronts, against what he saw as false authority and heartless power. These fascinating books are the testimony of Europeans; but their fights and decisions, their loves and hates are symptomatic of a common destiny in which the whole Western world is now caught up.

The reader of these—and other—books by ex-Communist Leftist intellectuals is struck by the subjectivist and ideological character of Leftist attitudes. He wonders how these could be regarded adequate guides in attempts radically to remake the existence of millions. For the Leftist intellectual is always *engagé,* always making or destroying some structure of political power. His hand is continually pushing against the wheel of history. How does he know what the course ought to be? He relies on the lessons of personal experiences, or on some freely spun ideological web of assumptions.

Like Regler, he may come upon a poor man suffering injustice, a good and guiltless person being put to death, the cold cruelty of a man in power. From a chain of chance happenings he fashions the sledge hammer of rebellion against all that exists. A sensitive mind, wandering like a stranger through his own land, he draws from personal indignation the confident conclusion that everything must be changed; and he goes about that business of total subversion fully assured that his feelings of outrage are sufficient cause, and provide clear enough direction, for any revolution.

Sperber's ideological motivations are hardly more valid than Regler's personal ones. Speculation about history, economy, culture, psyche, went on apace in the rarefied atmosphere of books. Little matter whether the books belonged to the Right or the Left, provided they gave to the rebellious mind that excited oscillation that takes the place of thought. *"They smiled at Nietzsche's ignorance of sociology and at his political simplicity, but it was from his philosophy far more than from historical materialism that they derived one of their most cherished convictions: all the criteria and all the morality handed down from past generations must be scrapped once and for all."* They fancied they were dealing with reality as they wove relations between various books, ideas, authors. They appraised and compared ideologies with the appreciative eye of the literary connoisseur. They knew society only through their intellectual systems of demands, desires, projected assumptions. They raked the existing order with a blistering, merciless criticism, holding it up to a perfectionist yardstick fashioned of pure thought.

They felt justified by the nobility of their lofty standards; but it never occurred to them to inquire into the truth of being and of historical existence. They suspected and damned all who did not share their schemes of compulsory goodness; but they never asked whether human nature could support these schemes, or whether a given society was pliable enough to be re-made by them. They did not bother to look for evidence of an order built into the very essence of the Creation. In intoxicating enthusiasm with the rush of their own thoughts they behaved as if one could invent truth instead of discovering it.

THESE BOOKS shed some light on the causes of such attitudes. Regler emerged from World War I with decorations for exceptional bravery but with his mental world in ruins. Thousands of others who went from school to trench returned as professional

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radicals. Is modern Leftism then essentially a war product? This widely accepted thesis has not been confirmed by the second war, which has not raised another wave of radicalism. In all probability, World War I was not the cause but the catalyst of an already smoldering rebellion.

Sperber at the age of eleven had already torn down his teacher's praise of Achilles and Alexander. The teacher saw what was happening: "You start by exposing Achilles, you go on to debunk Alexander, and you will surely end up by attacking our dynasty and the foundation of our society. Is everything to be destroyed, is nothing still sacred to you?" "Yes, sir, truth." "And what do you know about truth?" "I know that it resembles no sort of lie." These Leftists experienced the whole of their society as one big lie. They rebelled not merely against some abuses but against society in its intellectual and spiritual entirety. They rebelled against untruth, not in the name of a deeper insight gleaned from either science or revelation, but in the name of a restless, pretentious, intolerant quest of some unknown perfection.

Society, the nineteenth-century powers-that-be, had taught them false. It had relied on conventional fictions to glorify hollow appearances as if they were God's truth. Its young people, however, had not been convinced. When sent to defend tradition and honor, they had discovered in the trenches the spiritual void of their collective existence. Total negation of everything claiming authority had become their life's habit. The fight against the existing world was in itself revered as an absolute. Communism, the principle of destroying the present in the name of a mythical future, naturally attracted these negative minds. But the necessary fruit of such a total critique is Soviet inhumanity.

Regler and Sperber, like most of their companions, had of course not willed the Kremlin monster. Now they assail it as furiously as they once fought the traditional autocracies. But this new dragon is a creature of their own making. The negation of their own irreconcilable negation has turned upon them. "You have deserted us," a former friend hurled at Regler, "and that is treachery. No pity can be shown to traitors. Your idealism is dangerous. It is not a matter of honesty or morality. In this battle all means are permitted. We bolster up inadequacy with our methods and whoever interferes with this has to be eliminated." When one commits oneself to limitless criticism, when one claims absolute truth for the perennial No in one's breast, one is bound to end up with this kind of albatross around one's neck.

THE HONEST MINDS on the Left have turned anti-Communist, but the Left has still not recovered from its basic despair—what Kierkegaard termed "the sickness unto death." Regler has simply resigned from all political commitments. Sperber looks hopefully for a renewal of "pure" historical materialism. He can, however, see "no possible field of agreement between the left and the right." For to him the Right, beneath contempt, is "born wherever power arises," and a Left "reconciled to power is an irreconcilable contradiction in terms."

The problem of the Left in our midst should not be confused with our struggle against Communist aggression. The latter is a power conflict with an alien society, waged in terms of military strength. The phenomenon of Leftist intellectualism is a matter the Western mind must settle within itself. It is an ideological aberration that can be cured only by a return of political thought to the realities of human nature, social order, and the universe of being. For this return we must struggle together: The right wing of the Western mind against the false absolutism of society's pretensions, the left wing against the false absolutism of total and ceaseless negation, and both for a recovery of the sense of truth.

Confusion of Tongues

ANDREW LYTLE

LESLIE FIEDLER'S *Love and Death in the American Novel* (Criterion, $8.50) is obviously the statement of a theme, and the reader might expect it to be a literary theme. But it is not about fiction or literature as an experience in its own right, although the book promises at first to be a daring exposure of the unconscious, not only of American authors but of the American mind.

The sentimental novel faltered in its influence upon the growth of American fiction, and Walpole's gothic emerged as the source of its lasting form. This is the theme; the method of exegesis, Freudian; the controlling image, the phallus. The seduction of Clarissa he assumes to be the archetype of the sentimental novel. Its outward failure was the prudery of the genteel tradition. It actually failed in America, however, because in this country's unconscious we are a nation of boys running away with the dark companion into the wilderness, or to sea, or down the river upon a raft. We are running away from mama, our domestic White Goddess; because of our incestuous longing, we cannot conceive of her in the role of Protestant virgin being raped by a colonial Lovelace. She remains the blue-eyed, marble-skinned virgin too pure for the bed.

But she has a darker sister whose ancestress seems to be Scott's Rebecca. This one is all passion and therefore evil. But she doesn't go to bed either. Both must be denied, for the act of love between man and woman impugns the image of woman as mother and so "the abandonment of childhood." So it is that this country has no knowledge of adult love between man and woman, which has long been the habit of Europe. In its place is the innocent, and sometimes not so innocent, homoerotic marriage between males, usually a light-skinned one and a dark-skinned one, the dark representing natural impulses and our feeling of guilt, the counterpart to the dark passionate females. The most notable of these are Chingachgook in *The Last of the Mohicans;* Queequeg in *Moby Dick;* Nigger Jim in *Huckleberry Finn,* Sam Fathers in *The Bear.* The actions involving the pairs have to do with flight and violence and horror and terror; hence the gothic mode. Mr. Fiedler announces the three great terror stories to be: *The Scarlet Let-*

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ter, Moby Dick, and *Huckleberry Finn.*

A truth lies somewhere in such resemblances, but it is not the whole truth as Mr. Fiedler asserts, along with other numerous *obiter dicta* and *non sequiturs;* nor except as the most extreme violation of the formal meaning can the three novels be called terror stories. Terror is one of the properties of the gothic tale, along with dungeons and ghosts. But there are degrees and kinds of terror, as there are of ghosts, including the Holy Ghost. Mr. Fiedler commits the first of the logical fallacies, that of Equivocation, wherein the same term is used in two distinct senses. Judging fiction in the terms of psychology, a foreign discipline, allows in no way for giving a literary judgment—or even a psychological judgment, since the author is no psychologist. Lacking a literary set of terms and with only the theme of terror to guide us, how can we distinguish *The Turn of the Screw, The Castle of Otranto,* and *The Fall of the House of Usher?*

Each novel deserves to be read for its proper, its fictional effect. To do less does a great violence to the author and the book. And it requires a critical method which is less interested in the resemblances of subject matter than in the differences between styles and techniques. When Mr. Fiedler forgets his thesis, his particular insights are often acute. He is good on Nathanael West; and what he has to say about John Hawkes and Robert Phelps is just, as far as it goes. But he is not interested in reading fiction as fiction. That's already been done. The text to him is "lexical and verbal," no more or less important than "the sociological, psychological, historical, anthropological, or generic"—everything but theology. These terms are parts of the context which locates a work of art in its full "ambiguity and plenitude." The critic's purpose is to locate the work where the contextual circles overlap, wherever that is.

In the great days of Christendom this would have been possible. The circles would obviously overlap in the mind of God, at the instant of eternity. The artist then was not as now a special kind of man; but every man was a special kind of artist, satisfying a human need and offering up his work to the greater glory of God. Today we cannot master even one branch of knowledge; to make this contextual critic function would require, as in the Middle Ages, a theology and a God. Lacking this, the contextual critic can only introduce the confusion of tongues.

This in a very familiar way is what Mr. Fiedler does, as he is best at literary history and biography. In spite of his Freudian vocabulary he is playing the old familiar game of reading a work in the light of the author's biography and his "influences": that old refusal to take the risk of judgment. One comes away with wonder that Richardson could have begot so many, and such differing progeny. Mr. Fiedler's pursuit of biographical interpretation in *Huckleberry Finn* is so thorough that he quite puts Twain on the raft with Huck and Jim. But the creative act remains elusive. He does not, as he cannot, tell just what takes place to turn Hawthorne's incestuous guilt into *The Scarlet Letter;* or why the butcher boy equally suffering a guilty love did not write *Moby Dick.*

One feels a little sad at closing Mr. Fiedler's book. What a chore it must have been to read for seven years and only find, in the whole of American fiction, what he knew was there all along—the phallus at the back of the cave.

Candidates by the Job Lot

L. BRENT BOZELL

"EGYPT had its tombs to keep it happy, Greece its theater, Rome its arena . . . The United States," writes Robert Bendiner, "could do worse than to be linked in history with that combination of sport, drama, crusade, carnival, and New England town meeting that we know as a presidential election." The Great Event has still other faces, among them its quadrennial contribution to American letters. And though this literature has never been considered art, it will

probably always have a market with the kind of people who feel they need a program at the circus.

The books come in several categories. There is the campaign-guidebook type—like Mr. Bendiner's gay and shrewd *White House Fever* (Harcourt, $3.75), a sort of gamesmanship description of the road to the top. There are those that deal with the nature of the prize, like Jack Bell's *The Splendid Misery* (Doubleday, $4.95). (Mr. Bell's volume is largely a newsman's notebook on the Presidencies of Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower, though it occasionally reaches farther into the past for historical perspective.) Another type, a fairly recent development, is the collection of the candidate's speeches and papers. Then, of course, there are the campaign biographies. Finally, this year for the first time there is even a book about the books.

For this last item all the biographers in the lot can be profoundly grateful. For W. Burlie Brown's review of past efforts at Presidential "image-making," *The People's Choice* (Louisiana State, $4.00), proves conclusively that campaign biographies have *always* been poor. The breed first appeared in the 1824 election, with works on John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, and since then there have been few serious Presidential aspirants without them. They have been written by authors ranging from Nathaniel Hawthorne (about Franklin Pierce) to a popular juvenile fiction writer named Oliver Optic (about Grant). And whatever their origin, they have created—thanks to their common purpose—a literary stereotype. "It is, of course, impossible," Professor Brown adds, "to take either the claims of objectivity or the protestations of high purpose with any degree of seriousness."

Changes in the stereotype occur, but this is not because of the authors'

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originality or the candidates' uniqueness; but because the popular "image" of the President sometimes changes. Before 1868, for example, all Presidential candidates, in manners and deportment, grow up like Little Lord Fauntleroy; after 1868, the ideal boy is "the closest approach to Tom Sawyer." Again, prior to 1908, it is almost imperative for the candidate to have a robust military past (Grover Cleveland, who did not, still had to face up to his era's expectations regarding patriotism: when Cleveland's Civil War draft summons came, his biographer revealed, "There was no question at all of what his duty was; he promptly supplied a substitute.") After 1908, however—until Eisenhower—the military phase of the candidate's career is treated *en passant.*

THE CURRENT CROP of biographies conforms remarkably to the established pattern. The differences with the past are largely in presentation. For one thing, the modern biographer brings a degree of sophistication to his task and so is unlikely to present his subject as a paragon of virtue. The accepted posture is dispassionate and semi-critical. The technique may be subtle, as with James MacGregor Burns' judicious chiding in *John Kennedy* (Harcourt, $4.75), or unsubtle, as with Joe Alex Morris' brutal, jarring reproaches (he "bored most of his audience to the point of exhaustion") in *Nelson Rockefeller* (Harper, $5.50). The one throwback to the old form is *Stuart Symington* (Doubleday, $3.95), in which Paul I. Wellman carries on about his man through 283 unbelievably bad pages of panegyric. "When you talk with him and watch him for a while," Wellman observes irrelevantly at the end of the first chapter, "you somehow come to believe in him as you have believed in few other men in your lifetime."

Another characteristic of today's biography is that considerable space is allotted to the candidates' position on the "issues." To a far greater extent than their predecessors, today's books are "political biographies." Sometimes the issues are those the biographer supposes will be to the fore in the coming election—*e.g.,* in the current batch, disarmament. But this is not always the criterion. For example, a full chapter of Burns' and Wellman's books, and of Michael Amrine's *This Is Humphrey* (Doubleday, $3.95) is devoted to an account of how the hero squared off to McCarthyism. The purpose, in this case, is intramural to the Democratic Party. The Kennedy camp must raise the issue and try to dispose of it in order to meet the current charge that the Senator ducked it during McCarthy's life. By the same token, Humphrey and Symington stand to profit *vis-à-vis* Kennedy to the extent they can point up the difference between their own and Kennedy's attitude toward McCarthy. Burns, on Kennedy's behalf, is too shrewd to deny the charge categorically: after a tortuous discussion of possible hypotheses, he admits that "political expedience" probably played a role, and that Kennedy's Liberalism "matured" and "deepened" later on.

The books on speeches and papers are another instance of the "issues" approach. I have seen two of these—*The Strategy of Peace* (Harper,

"Tells what 'Dr. Zhivago' dared not tell" .

—COUNTESS ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY

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$3.50), by Kennedy, and *Putting First Things First* (Random House, $3.00), by Adlai Stevenson. Stevenson's speeches are about things in general and while their expression is, as always, pleasurable, I searched in vain for one of the "new ideas" he has been promising since 1952. Kennedy's efforts deal with foreign policy and do not even have style to recommend them. As for content, Kennedy's foreign policy—Algeria aside—is not readily distinguishable from Eisenhower's, save that the senator promises his would be "creative" and "imaginative."

Of all the campaign books there are really only two of distinction. One is Burns', which for all its disingenuous pretense to being an objective study, is as full and informative a portrait of a political figure as could be expected from one of his partisans. The other is Stewart Alsop's *Nixon and Rockefeller* (Doubleday, $3.95). Alsop, almost alone among the biographers, is an accomplished writer, which is the one thing that can make a book of this kind bearable. *Nixon and Rockefeller* is a contrast, not so much of political figures, as of men. As such it provides what seems to be the sharpest penetration yet of Nixon's character. Rockefeller comes through less vividly, but not necessarily less accurately.

And, finally, William Costello has added another volume about the Vice President. *The Facts about Nixon* (Viking, $3.95) contains little information that could not be obtained—and, judging from the phraseology, *was* not obtained—by reading earlier books on the subject, notably 1) Toledano's *Nixon* (which is, incidentally, being issued in a new 1960 edition [Duell, $3.95] with considerable additional material), 2) Mazo's *Richard Nixon,* and 3) Keogh's *This Is Nixon.*

Champion of Freedom

FRANK S. MEYER

Friedrich A. Hayek has weathered the storm of three decades of collectivist domination of economic thought, the hero of engagement after engagement, and has survived to survey a battlefield on which the tide of battle has begun to turn. The influence of economist-publicists like John Kenneth Galbraith on public policy is certainly still enormous; but in the academic world, the Keynesian and quasi-Marxist doctrines which reigned supreme for so long are today under the sharpest criticism among economists. The up-and-coming men in the profession, the most brilliant contributors to the journals are more and more economists of the Chicago School and of the Austrian School—followers of Hayek, of Frank Knight, of Ludwig von Mises.

Professor Hayek's new book, *The Constitution of Liberty* (University of Chicago, $7.50) is a monumental summation of the ideas for which he has fought and of the analysis through which he has arrived at those ideas. It is a fitting successor to the volumes of economic analysis (*Prices and Production* and *The Pure Theory of Capital*) which established him as the outstanding theoretical critic of Keynes in England in the thirties; to *The Road to Serfdom,* which struck a clarion note against British socialism and American welfarism alike in the forties; and to *Individualism and Economic Order* and *The Counter-Revolution of Science,* which dug deep to the roots of the scientistic and collectivist ideology of the twentieth century.

Of all these books, *The Constitution of Liberty* is nearest in theme to *The Road to Serfdom.* But *The Road to Serfdom* was—by its nature as a burning polemic directed against immediate encroaching dangers—brief in scope, primarily critical in manner, and essentially practical in approach. *The Constitution of Liberty* immensely expands the theme. It is rounded and deeply based; it is more positive in its prescription than polemical in its critique; it is a thoroughgoing effort to establish a theoretical foundation for the concept of a free society.

The first section, "The Value of Freedom," develops the philosophical ground of Professor Hayek's defense of freedom. The second section, "Freedom and the Law," is an historical and analytical examination of modern Western institutional efforts to guarantee a political basis for freedom. And the third, "Freedom in the Welfare State," discusses the most pressing dangers to freedom in contemporary society. Each section is developed with admirable logic and clarity. If I find myself in the fullest sympathy with the third section, and rather critical of the argument in the earlier part of the book, particularly the first section, it is not because of any shortcomings in Professor Hayek's treatment, but rather for reasons of philosophical difference in viewpoint.

His criticism of the progressive income tax and the use of that tax for purposes of social redistribution is a classic confutation of the taxing principles and practices which are almost universally accepted today, and upon which the entire structure of the welfare state rests. Equally powerful is his criticism of the social security system as established in all the major countries of the West. We in America, as he points out, are only at the beginning of the process, which has now reached the stage in Germany, for example, where 20 per cent of the national income is handed over to the social security administration. No society, Professor Hayek shows, no matter how "affluent," can afford such a diversion of national income into the hands of the bureaucrat, nor can it long remain affluent under such circumstances. He is likewise powerfully convincing on the built-in tendencies of the welfare state toward inflation, on the evils of the coercive aspects of labor unionism, on the bias of state education toward decay of quality.

I agree so strongly with almost all of Professor Hayek's analysis of contemporary social and economic prob-

Sauce for the Goose

The review in NATIONAL REVIEW (November 31, 1959) of Richard Ellman's biography of James Joyce, which recently won a National Book Award, noted that ". . . Mr. Ellman is never one to dodge the ascription of ulterior motives: thus he asserts that Joyce 'regularly despatched notes of thanks to the reviewers so as to impress his name even more deeply upon their memories.' "

The *Province,* a daily newspaper of Vancouver, printed on January 16, 1960, the following letter from Mr. Ellman to its book critic:

'Dear Mr. Marsh: I have just seen your generous and perceptive review of my book in The Daily Province, and I hope you will not mind my writing to thank you for it . . . Sincerely yours. Richard Ellman."

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lems, that it may seem somewhat churlish to note my disagreements with his theoretical position. I do so with the more diffidence—indeed with something approaching a sense of impiety—because I owe so much personally to his *Road to Serfdom,* which I read at a crucial moment in my life and which played a decisive part in helping me free myself from Marxist ideology. But I do not think that the utilitarian foundation upon which Professor Hayek bases his defense of freedom is either philosophically valid, or a bulwark strong enough to withstand the assaults of collectivist ideology.

That, empirically, freedom is the circumstance in which men can best achieve the ends they have chosen; that freedom is necessary for progress; that freedom minimizes the arrogant power of those who think they can engineer a solution to all social problems: all these arguments of his are undoubtedly true. But they are persuasive only to the degree that hypostasized ends of "society" are not preferred above the ends of individual men; or that equalitarianism is not preferred above progress; or that the "wisdom" of an elite of social engineers is not regarded as preferable to the choices of individual human beings.

Professor Hayek's defense of freedom is based upon preferences, preferences which we may share. But freedom as an essential right of men is founded not upon preferences, but upon the nature of men and the very constitution of being. It is inalienable and indefeasible as a right, not for any reasons of utility but because it is the true condition of man's created being. In the argument with collectivism, utilitarian reasons can always be answered with alternative utilitarian reasons. The final struggle with collectivism (at the deep level at which Professor Hayek invites us to consider the problem) can only be waged in terms of an understanding of the nature of man. It is because freedom is the truth of the order of things that the conservative, who is first of all one who respects the inborn constitution of creation, stands for freedom.

Freedom, indeed, cannot by itself define the end to which the conservative is devoted; but in the growing shadow of the collectivist state, it is the most pressing object of his actions. Professor Hayek, however he may differ with the conservative world view, stands for freedom and has fought valiantly for freedom. Justly he describes himself as a "Whig," in the postscript to his book, "Why I Am Not A Conservative." He is a Whig, with all the moral and intellectual power of eighteenth-century Whiggism, infinitely superior to its French Revolutionary and Liberal successors. But he is a Whig with the flaw of Whiggism, its fear of acknowledging the absolute transcendent values upon which its strength is founded.

Two New Novels

Seventeen Interns, One Golk

JOAN DIDION

THERE ARE, roughly, two ways to plot popular fiction. One requires the invention of some memorably racy character (say Scarlett O'Hara) who moves grandly and picaresquely across a large social landscape; the second, less demanding, involves gathering together a batch of half-cooked characters in some such critically foreshortened, supercharged situation as a) a frontier—*Giant, Hawaii* —b) a public disaster—*The Rains Came, The High and the Mighty*—or c) a hospital—*Not As A Stranger, The Bramble Bush,* and now, *The Interns* (Random House, $4.95), a second novel by a young man named Richard Frede (first novel: *Entry E,* about Godless Man at Yale) who may well find himself in possession of this year's Major Medical Novel. And welcome to it.

As its title so evocatively suggests, *The Interns* has to do with the mad, sad, noble, ignoble, irrepressible activities of seventeen young interns in a city hospital where life is, needless to say, raw, meaningful, stripped bare of pretensions. (Which is more, incidentally, than can be said for *The Interns.*) Of the seventeen—most of whom bear surnames indicating that New North Hospital is (like battle detachments led by Audie Murphy or Frank Sinatra) a slice of American life—one goes berserk, one contracts tuberculosis, one has a wife who commits suicide, one performs criminal abortions, one gets the Call to O.B. (obstetrics, to those not addicted to hospital novels), and one, a Jew, divorces his adulterous Gentile wife to marry a colleague, Dr. Alicia Liu, who appears to be Chinese, although neither the intern nor Mr. Frede would dream of mentioning it. Everybody spends a good deal of time conferring on life, medicine, the quality of mercy-killing, why medical schools admit more Protestants than Jews, why General Motors trainees get paid more than interns, and the unfairness of things at large.

When neither in conference nor attending at the miracle of birth, these indefatigable interns mess around with their wives and nurses, affording Mr. Frede frequent opportunities to get pretty cute, pretty prurient, and thoroughly objectionable. Despite what Mr. Frede seems to think of as his Renaissance pleasure in life (as one of his own favorite interns puts it, "Shakespeare was bawdy as hell, cut that out and you wouldn't have Shakespeare, you'd have a professional moralist"), everybody takes their pleasures pretty hard, always Falling In Love For The First Time, F.I.L.F.T. Last Time, getting married, divorced, betrothed, deploring abortion, and, in the case of one wife who picks up an extracurricular infection, feeling constrained to take overdoses of phenobarbital rather than penicillin. That's hardworking young Dr. Fred Donnecker's wife, and considering Dr. Fred and all his friends, I couldn't help thinking she was well out of it.

UNLIKE *The Interns*, which is fiction out of a can, *Golk* (Criterion, $3.95), a first novel by Richard Stern, is an original: sharp, funny, intelligent, rare. Golk is a man, *né* Pomeroy ("it was a cut of his new vision that suggested Golk to him, a syllable whose vague and ugly suggestibility signaled the way to that montage of the common and unique which bounded the role he began to see himself playing in the new world of New York television after the Second World War"), whose peculiar vision is a television program, "You're On

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Camera!", based upon the hidden camera, the rigged situation, and the provoked response. A golk (lower case) is any one of these provocation-and-response situations—as well as, within two weeks of Golk's network debut, a national byword: "Inquiring reporters for the New York *Daily News*, the Chicago *Sun-Times*, and the San Francisco *Chronicle* asked the same question in the same week: 'What would you do if you found yourself golked?' The answers ranged from a matronly 'I'd move out of Levittown like a shot' to a witty 'I'd punch that Golk right in the gums.'"

Although the novel chronicles the rise and fall of Golk (whose finest, and fatal, network hours were his "three great golks," their respective victims being a pompous Presidential aide, a finagling State Department official, and a corrupt union leader), its moral focus is upon not Golk, but Hondorp. Hondorp, who has spent thirty-some years as what his father, a Central Park West doctor, liked to call "a student of life, darling," gets golked one day in a bookstore and is persuaded to join Golk's motley staff —to wit, an ex-mechanic, an ex-hackie, a Negress "whose style had been modeled, and with no small success, on Lena Horne's," and Hendricks, a twenty-three-year-old *femme du monde* late of Watch Hill and marriage into a Greek shipping empire.

Like Hendricks, Golk himself, and everyone else in the world, Hondorp is initially capable of being golked—of response, that universally human condition. In the *gestalt* of golkism, however, to be golked is to be victimized, and to transcend response is to be cool, and Hondorp gets cooler and cooler.

After the "three great golks" have forced Golk off the network, when Hendricks and Hondorp are running the show, Hondorp achieves a kind of pathological disassociation: his father dies, and Hondorp fails to make note of the fact until Hendricks, with whom he has been living, asks if Poppa Hondorp has called. "He died last Friday," says Hondorp; when Hendricks protests, he continues: "Some play, some don't. If you play, you can take any side you want any time you want to. You can change courts, change strokes, change your partners, change your self. Because when you're playing, nothing counts, the game, your partners, your self. One-third of a century it took me to work that out."

Working in a clean, oblique style reminiscent of Nathanael West, Mr. Stern has written in *Golk* a first-rate comic novel, a piece of fiction that is at once about and loaded with that kind of recognition that junkies call *the flash*.

To Baffle Zealots

MEDFORD EVANS

The Politics of Samuel Johnson (Yale, $5.50) is a welcome title in 1960, suggesting a possible revival from which contemporary society could only profit. Donald J. Greene begins the book with an admirably Johnsonian clearing away of cant: "Since we all know that Samuel Johnson was a Tory, and since we all know what a Tory is, we at once know a great deal about Johnson. . . . Given that Johnson was a Tory, we can immediately deduce the essential facts not only about his political opinions, but about his critical principles, which must have been authoritarian, his religion, which must have been 'High,' his morality, which must have been prescriptive, and many other things. It is very useful to know all this *a priori*, for it saves us the trouble of having to read what Johnson actually wrote on these matters."

That Mr. Greene has, quite evidently, read Johnson is a valuable contribution to the common welfare. The gloom of prejudice around the Great Cham is illuminated with reason, not punctuated with giggles. Instead of teasing a monster, Mr. Greene considers an author. The cartoon figure, inhaling tea, erupting insults, and exuding bigotry, is replaced by lucid glimpses of Johnson's powerful intellect articulating that British political genius which in his own day achieved its most characteristic expression. He would, of course, have been the first to deny that genius any but a mythical existence, such was his attention to reality.

Reality for Johnson was God, man, death and salvation. The rest was pastime. Politics, which he understood, and card-playing, which he did not, were occupations of the waiting room. So was making money, and the making of dictionaries. No cynic, however, Johnson encouraged all such diversions, and practiced some of them superbly. Their precarious impermanence led him neither to final melancholy rejection nor to irremediable frenzied addiction, though he well understood both temptations.

The human condition is too deep for politics. That is why, as Greene observes, "Those who have been deceived by Johnson's anti-Whig outbursts into seriously believing that he could hardly bear the sight of a Whig have been the victims of one of the great hoaxes of literary history." Greene points out that 1) "the great bulk of Johnson's politically-minded friends were, strictly speaking, Whig, not 'old Tory,'" and 2) that this was inevitably so, since throughout Johnson's lifetime there were few Tories in public life in England—only factions of Whigs. (One presumes that the bulk of Buckley's friends at Yale were Liberals.) Combined with Johnson's rather playful attitude toward "the world," was his generosity toward anyone who seemed to need it, and his honest scorn of cant. Having proved that Johnson is no Jacobite, Greene observes, "Johnson is a defender of the Stuarts because an unthinking contempt for the Stuarts is fashionable. . . . What is intellectually fashionable must always be challenged; the particular point at issue is not so important as the fact that it has been accepted in blind obedience to authority."

In a famous passage to baffle zealots, Doctor Johnson said (and Boswell wrote it down): "A wise Tory and a wise Whig, I believe, will agree . . . . A high Tory makes government unintelligible. . . . A violent Whig makes it impracticable." Greene, wisely, refers to this passage more than once. Among the implications of Johnson's opinion may be found the view that if the Tory and the Whig do not agree that their usual disagreements are comparatively trivial, then they are *ipso facto* not wise. In the heart and mind of a Johnson the only real duel is with sin. Everything else is fencing with foils. Which does not mean that

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one does not try to win the fencing match.

It is not clear that Mr. Greene would go so far in asserting the fundamental temperance of Johnson's politics. He remonstrates admirably that Johnson was no conventional Tory (that the Tories were not either, for that matter), but occasionally one wonders if he does not believe that a "skeptical conservative," as he calls

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON: ". . . Reality for Johnson was God, man, death and salvation. The rest was pastime."

Johnson, is practically indistinguishable from agnostic "men of good will" —such as, in our time, believe that there is no longer any alternative to peace, without Soviet domination if possible, but with it if necessary. Greene assigns Johnson to "a type . . . of whom Hobbes, Hume, and Gibbon may be cited as other examples," and adds Voltaire and H. L. Mencken as similar. This is to neglect the decisive force of religion. To classify Johnson with Hume (who should perhaps be called not a skeptical conservative, but a conservative skeptic) seems a serious if brief error in Mr. Greene's excellent work. Boswell, who also noticed a similarity of secondary characteristics in the two authors, reports: "He would not allow Mr. David Hume any credit for his political principles, though similar to his own; saying of him, 'Sir, he was a Tory by chance.' "

Greene quotes judiciously (which is to say, *inter alia*, copiously) from Johnson, and comments sensibly—aware, it seems, that the true mind of the literary lion who argued for victory may be as elusive as a dramatist's. Paradoxically, the lion was actually modest. "Johnson's chief concern," writes Greene, was "evidently not to propagate doctrine but to encourage his reader . . . to think these matters out independently, to examine the facts, and above all to distrust cant."

Johnson was first a Christian, second an Englishman, third an author. His greatness consisted in subjugation to the Lord Jesus Christ of a natural flood of lucid and violent wit. His Toryism was simple deference to institutions with which no generation is capable of providing itself, and which therefore ought to exact humility from the most gifted. But no man was less deferential toward insolence than Samuel Johnson. He was subject to the Lord Jesus, but not to Lord Chesterfield. Greene is at his best in pointing out that Johnson's contempt for cant about "liberty" was contempt for *cant*. It is sad to recall that he so classified the utterances of our forefathers. "We are told," wrote Johnson, "that the continent of North America contains three millions, not of men merely, but of Whigs, of Whigs fierce for liberty and disdainful of dominion; that they multiply with the fecundity of their own rattlesnakes."

Well, a good Johnsonian will not always agree with Doctor Johnson. Seldom does mankind have such an opportunity for easy obedience to the hard command to love our enemies, as is presented to the citizen of the United States reading the works of him "who could love all mankind except an American."

A Homeric Statesman

SIR SHANE LESLIE

In the generation of "Bright Young Things," Frederick Smith ("F.E.," as he was always called) stood out with the youngest and brightest. He and Winston Churchill advanced like Castor and Pollux into the Edwardian Parliamentary arena. There was no knowing which would last longer or go higher. Smith's powerful physique made him favorite for the race. Thanks to his regardless enjoyment of life, Smith fell out in middle age, whereas the "Jerome constitution" inherited by Winston has carried him half a lifetime ahead. Smith attained the Lord Chancellorship but missed the Premiership, owing principally to a wanton phrase comparing the Tory chiefs Lords Salisbury and Selborne to the notorious Dolly Sisters, who appear in a recent biography to have effected the ruin of that eminent citizen of Chicago and London, Gordon Selfridge. Stray phrases can have considerable result in English politics. Statesmen flourish or perish by them, and F.E. had a taste for evolving them, though none can have been so disastrous as Mr. Bevan's recent reference to the top class as "vermin," which good Socialists believe lost their party two million votes.

F.E. (British Book Centre, $15.75), his biography by his son, the present Earl of Birkenhead, is not merely a filial tribute. It is a flashing picture of the last of the glittering line of Tory duelists like Disraeli and Joe Chamberlain. F.E. had the outrageous courage—or reckless impudence—which once made Lord Randolph Churchill the idol of the Conservatives. Arriving at Madeira, the English Chancellor was asked by a deputation what they could do to render his stay agreeable. He promptly answered, "Restore the Casino!"—which was done. (Not recorded in this brilliant book.)

One wreath he shares with Lord Randolph Churchill which is unique in biography. Winston immortalized his father, and this feat has been achieved for F.E. by his son who inherited his Earldom. English politics and language have been enriched by an unforgettable book. A reviewer has only time to skip across the steppingstones over the rapids F.E. passed.

His success-story began with a failure, for he failed of a scholarship at Harrow, where he might have met Winston, who was fearlessly sustaining the bottom place of the school. At Wadham, Oxford, he won the scholarship which led to Fellowship and the Vinerian; won over Holdsworth, "greatest academic lawyer in the country." In athletics he just missed a football Blue and strangely came behind Lord Alfred Douglas in the Three Mile! Was Oscar Wilde watching that famous sprint? He passed into Grays Inn and the Northern Circuit.

The *cause célèbre* is always the making of legal celebrities. A chapter

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follows early: "Guinea Gold and the Veronica Murders." It reads like a romance by Stevenson or a first sketch of *Treasure Island*. Then came the infamous Crippen and his arrest by Marconigram on the high seas. In the eyes of England, Smith brilliantly and gallantly saved Crippen's mistress from the rope. He defeated Northcliffe with record damages, for impugning Lord Lever's "soap trust." Henceforth he wrought among giants: Carson, Asquith, Balfour—for he had slipped into Parliament and, finding the Tories writhing in defeat and despair, delivered a maiden speech unequalled for glittering and malicious innuendo. At a series of cuts he won the admiration of such men of the rapier as Tim Healy and Joe Chamberlain.

Smith entered great struggles like a prizefighter tackling champions. In time his prizes were the legal plums of office till, presiding over the Lords, he sat on the Woolsack (Is the President of the Senate seated on any ritual sacking?). In the fight between Liberals and the Lords, F.E. led the Diehards who wished to defy Asquith and the Crown to create a majority of puppet-Peers. Then came the wars of Ireland and Ulster in which every politician became a soldier and every soldier a politician. The First War broke, and statesmen like F.E. passed into Homeric careers. The Trojans were at the gates.

I recall fifty years ago as an undergraduate being used as a gauge by Winston to measure F.E.'s inches, and I remember the spattering repartee which passed between them like tennis-balls during a weekend. Looking back, I place F.E. as the finest all-round human being I ever met—the athlete, the equestrian, legal and intellectual all equally poised. I call him Homeric for he delivered those "winged words" of which heroes like Ajax were capable, and like Ajax he fell upon his own sword, careless of others, careless of fear and careless of his own self. This biography will prove the most exhilarating of the century. His son does not spare him, though he leaves him at the top levels of History.

With whom can he be best compared? I think with old Lord Randolph Churchill. Both were the rising hopes of the Tories. Both reached leadership of Party before they were forty. Both were Secretary of State for India. Their Chancellorships in every way were different, but both perished untimely when a world of power awaited them. Like Hamlet each was a princely duellist.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE VOTER'S PRESIDENTIAL HANDBOOK, by John A. Wells (McDowell, Obolensky, $1.45). Mr. Wells has had the novel idea of packing into a 208-page paperback just about everything one could care to know about the American Presidency: the deliberations of the Founding Fathers on the powers to be vested in the office; the gradual growth of those powers; their current extent; their delegation to the Cabinet and to the officials of the Executive Office; short biographies of nine possible 1960 Presidential candidates; the history and procedures of the national nominating conventions; and a do-it-yourself section for readers who want to campaign for some particular candidate this year. The result is a slightly dizzying excursion through early American history, political science, popular biography and something rather like journalism. But Mr. Wells knows his stuff, and despite an occasional tendency to throw in the kitchen sink (he offers, at one point, his own highly irrelevant proposal for a national "individual rights policy") his book will reward any reader whose knowledge of Presidential politics could stand a little brushing up. It is also the perfect gift for anyone who is thinking of running for President. W. A. RUSHER

A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, by Walter M. Miller Jr. (Lippincott, $4.95). This is a rare book: a fantasy about the future which does not try to escape the past or present. It looks backward and forward simultaneously, with eerie effect—as of a man following a stranger, only to discover, when he overtakes him, that he has been following himself. The three sections of the novel—each leaping six hundred years ahead of the last—portray a new dark ages after an atomic eclipse of our civilization; followed by another Renaissance; reaching at last another explosion and eclipse. The episodes take place in the monastery that preserves fragments of past culture through the re-enacted dark ages, to become embarrassed by that culture at the "Renaissance" and wiser than it at the moment of fission. Apocalypses come and go in this novel like recurrent night, yet man survives much the same throughout. In the end, as his planet-home is blasted out from under him, man simply begins again his age-old exodus, this time to another star. G. WILLS

THE END OF IDEOLOGY, by Daniel Bell (Free Press, $7.50). Daniel Bell is equally capable of demonstrating truly shrewd insight, sociological inanity at its norm, and Liberal political ritualism at its most authentic. This random collection of magazine articles, essay reviews, and scholarly papers, assembling his miscellaneous output over the past half-dozen years, exhibits a cross section of his strength and weaknesses: for example, the insight in "Work and Its Discontents" and "Ten Theories in Search of Reality," the latter a pleasant debunking of the "Soviet experts"; the sociological balderdash in "The Myth of Crime Waves" and "The End of Ideology in the West"; and the ritualistic Liberalism in "Status Politics and New Anxieties."

F. S. MEYER

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To the Editor

Morrie Ryskind's Lament for Page 177

I have the greatest affection for Ralph de Toledano as a friend and as a gallant comrade-in-arms in the fight against Communism; and the highest admiration for him as a writer. His books, from *Seeds of Treason* on, have helped solve my Christmas shopping problems. All of them—duly autographed, I am proud to say—are on my private bookshelf and are not to be borrowed, though I'll be glad to buy you one. Except *Lament for a Generation*—not until there's a new page 177, at any rate.

Bill Buckley, in his perceptive review of the latter volume [April 9] makes the point that Toledano is basically a poet: and those of us who recall the onomatopoetic prose of *Day of Reckoning* and the colorful first chapter of *Lament* must agree heartily. Ralph is that rarity, among writers, of the triple-threat: he is a first-rate journalist; a master of the cloak-and-dagger theme (I had heard at first hand the Alger Hiss story from such insiders as Isaac Don Levine, A. A. Berle, Karl Mundt, Richard Nixon and Benjamin Mandel and yet, when I arrived home one midnight and found that *Seeds of Treason* had been delivered, I sat up, enthralled, to read it all the way through); but, above all, he is the rememberer and recapturer, in vivid words, of sounds and sights and smells—above all, the poet.

Now even Homer is said to have nodded, and I'm a man who forgives a nod or two. But, on page 177 of *Lament,* Toledano doesn't just nod or even catnap: he goes into a sort of spiritualistic coma (you'll know if you've ever attended a seance: the medium speaks, but the voice is not his but one of his controls: the one I went to gave me the pleasure of hearing Pocahontas and George Washington; Ralph's control, on the other hand, sounds more like the *New York Post*) during which he excommunicates Bill Knowland. Knowland, it seems, by one vote alone (voting to confirm Paul Hoffman's nomination to the United Nations delegation), reduced the core of conservative principle "to the size of a pea." And then this obviously despicable character sinks to the depths: "in his unsuccessful bid for California's governorship, Knowland accepted the support of the destructive Joseph Kamp, a professional salesman of canned hate."

Whether that was Toledano speaking or Pocahontas or the *Post*—I'm dead certain it wasn't George Washington—that just ain't so, and Toledano should know better. What happened was simple enough: Knowland was sticking grimly to his job in Washington, and Helen Knowland was trooping up and down the state for her husband, shaking hands with tens of thousands and receiving offers of support via mail and telegram—and doing what any campaigner does, welcoming them heartily. A guy called Joe Kamp offered some pamphlets he thought might help: she didn't know Joe Kamp from Joe Doakes but she read the pamphlets (which, obviously, contained no racist material) and said, "Send them on." She had distributed a handful when the Liberal press descended on her in all its fury. Bill Knowland flew in over the weekend and the pamphlets were withdrawn. And that's the case against Knowland.

If there were anything in Knowland's distinguished record to justify the implications Ralph makes, I'd like to know about it. And five will get you ten, Ralph. And, incidentally, I can't help wondering why Richard Nixon—who must have read the book, since he wrote the foreword—didn't do or say anything about that paragraph. Five will get *him* ten, too.

Let me, using this technique, pose one: the Vice President, out here recently, played a round of golf with Danny Kaye at one of the local clubs; and only a week or so ago appeared on a program written and produced by Dore Schary. During the 1947 hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee, Mr. Kaye flew into Washington on a star-studded plane from Hollywood to denounce the Committee and made speeches all over the place attacking the inquisitors; Mr. Schary, a witness in those same hearings, said he saw no reason why he shouldn't hire Communists and stuck to his guns when interviewed recently by the newspapers

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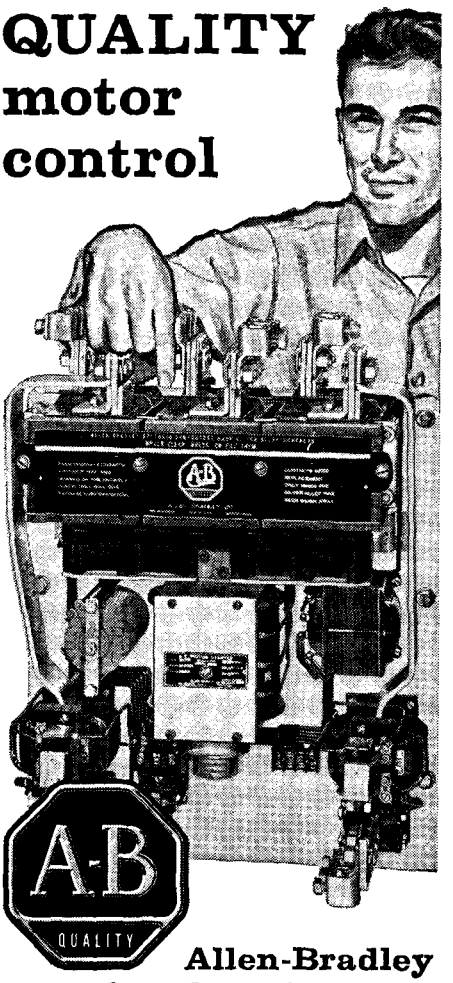

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re Kramer, Preminger and Sinatra. Suppose—and remember that Dick Nixon knows definitely who Kaye and Schary are and where they stood and stand—I were to write a paragraph that went something like this: "In his bid for the Presidency, Nixon is busily wooing the anti-anti-Communists, especially those who would discontinue the House Un-American Activities Committee." I think I might very well get a reproachful letter from Ralph; it is not impossible that I might even hear from the Veep himself.

But I'm not going to make such a guilt-by-association implication: I can't afford to. In the campaign of '58, there was my name directly above Schary's—they were listed alphabetically, I hasten to add—in a newspaper ad. It seems we had both endorsed a proposition to allow Catholic schools to escape double taxation. I received a nice note from the Cardinal thanking me for my support, as no doubt did Schary. But we still don't golf together.

Los Angeles, Cal. MORRIE RYSKIND

Sweet Reek of Moderation

Thank you for John Chamberlain's wonderful dissection of Kennedy. [April 23]. The very danger of Kennedy is his attractiveness—a nice young family man who reeks of moderation and smells sweetly of success. In a pinch, as Mr. Chamberlain observes, he always votes radical. The packaging may be different, but John Kennedy is a Liberal, committed to a Liberal program, a proponent of the Welfare State. It will require a good deal of hard thinking if he is nominated to the Presidency—to cut through the confusion which surrounds his Catholicism and the attractiveness of his good nature, and vote against him.

New York City LAWRENCE DECKER

Goldwater for Veep

I have been noting the recent interest which Barry Goldwater has evoked from the Republican Party "professionals." It does my conservative heart good to see this sudden concern over Dick Nixon's flirtation with the Liberals, and his attempt to secure their vote (at the expense, I'm sure, of the right-wing vote).

I have a suggestion which I feel sure you and NATIONAL REVIEW could do something about. What I know would really be successful, is a con-

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certed effort to establish a local chapter for "Goldwater for Vice President." If such groups could become numerous across the country in key areas, it would indeed awaken Mr. Nixon, and might also secure the Number Two spot on the ticket for Senator Goldwater. A Nixon-Goldwater ticket would once again establish a positive image for the Republican Party in the voter's eyes. This image must be conservative in order to win in November. For too many years the Republicans have been playing the political game just a bit "less to the left" than the Democrats, and the results have been disastrous during the congressional elections.

Queens Village, N.Y. JACK CONROY

How Long, O Cuba, How Long?

You must get as tired writing about Fidel Castro as I get reading about him. Why don't we both take a vacation?

Chicago, Ill. THOMAS HELDEGETH

The Portuguese in Africa

After having read "The Moçambique Story" by E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn [April 9], I find myself in disagreement with several points. While Moçambique is indeed unique in its current absence of racial tension, the assertion that there exists no color bar is subject to question. How can Portuguese action be explained in terms of indifference toward color when within an African population of six million there is only *one* university graduate, when only 6,000 have been assimilated since 1917, or when the illiteracy rate is 99 per cent? Portuguese control of the Africans is strengthened by the use of frequent beatings, passbooks, the spy system, curfews, and continual humiliation. These conditions are seen as even more acute when compared with those of the white population, whose way of life in many respects surpasses that of Western Europe.

The Portuguese attitude here, then, is far from being "rational, reasonable and moral" when it is understood that the only benefit to the area has accrued to the white population itself. . . . Portugal's action in subjecting the African race, then, cannot be termed as one of implanting Christian principles. It is this reader's belief that NATIONAL REVIEW should take more constructive positions on this and related issues in Africa. . . .

Hamilton, N.Y. JAMES M. WILSON

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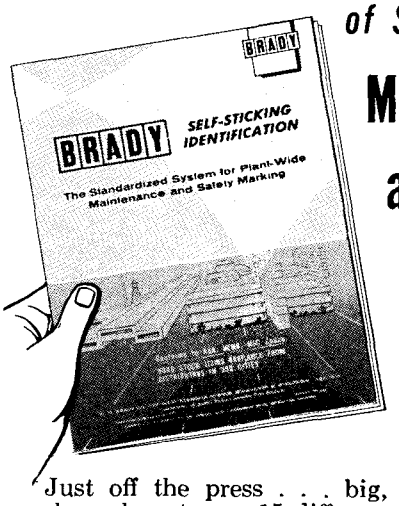

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